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We Are The World

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THE PHOTOS, MUSIC, AND INSIDE STORY OF ONE OF THE MOST HISTORIC EVENTS IN AMERICAN POPULAR MUSIC.

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We Are The World

Photo by Harry Benson.

We Are The World

by David Breskin

with contributions from Cheryl McCall,
Robert Hilburn

A Perigee Book

Perigee Books
are published by
The Putnam Publishing Group
200 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10016

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may not be reproduced in any form without permission.
Published simultaneously in Canada by
General Publishing Co. Limited, Toronto

Designed by Rhea Braunstein

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data

Main entry under title:
We are the world.

1. We are the world.
ML3534.W4 1985 789.9'12454 85-3656
ISBN 0-399-51172-5

Printed in the United States of America
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

USA for Africa couldn't have been a success without: Joe Adams, Peter Asher, John Branca, David Braun, Michael Brokaw, Bob Brown, Bonnie Bruckheimer, Barbara Carr, Bob Cavallo, Candy Cole, Jay Cooper, Ronnie June Dashev, Roger Davies, Michael Dilbeck, Frank DiLeo, Steve Fargnoli, Peter Fletcher, Sandy Gallin, Nelson Hayes, Barry Josephson, Claire Kohler, Ira Koslow, Jon Landau, Martha Luttrell, Tommy Mottola, Jack Nelson, Patrick Raines, Gail Roberts, Mark Rothbaum, Lindsay Scott, Gary Stiffelman, Frank Weber, Malcolm Wiseman, David Wolff, and Walter Yetnikoff.

This book would not have been possible without the effort of David Breskin, who donated his time and considerable talents in writing the book. Nor would it have been possible without Ken Kragen and his staff: Harriet Sternberg, Wendy Garfield-Ferris, John Coulter, Nancy Macussen, Steve Warnick, Trish Talbot, Marty Rogol, Michael Branch, Laurel Altman; Peter Hansen of UNICEF; Garry Trudeau and Mary Ann Woodward; the photographers: Sam Emerson, Henry Diltz, Richard Bomersheim, Conrad Collette, and Harry Benson; Kathy Robbins, Barbara Ruhman, Emily Mann, Steve Ray, Mark Ross, Humberto Gatica, Quincy Jones, Michael S. Harper, Jim Watters, Richard Stolley, Dick Burgheim, Donna Haupt, Paula Batson, Ron Oberman, Judith Kitchen, Cheryl McCall, Madeleine Randolph, Larry "Weebee" Ferguson; and Adrienne Ingrum, Richard Pine, Joe Pheifer, and Lee Ann Chearneyi.

A special thanks to the following people and organizations for graciously donating time and material to the USA for Africa project: AC/DC Lighting; Nancy Agli; Jack Albrecht; A & M Recording Studios: Dave Alpert, Herb Alpert, Mike Ashkins, Ken Dean, Dub Edwards, Benny Faccone, Gil Friesen, John Guerra, Don Hahn, Clyde Kaplan, Gary Mannon, Frank Morgan, Jerry Moss, Al Rodriguez, Joe Rodriguez, Bill Taylor, Mimi Thomas, Don Walker; Ampex Corp.; Dan Andresan; Anheuser-Busch Companies, Inc.: Donna Blackwell; Arnie; Audio Effects; Audio Intervisual Design Systems; Audio Rents; Audio Services Corp.; Automated Studio Lighting: Jim Comorree; Avon Rent-A-Car & Trucks: Maury Silver; Background Engineers: Dan Goldich, Ares Ram; John Barnes; Paula Batson; Beverly Hills Juice Co.: Dave Ott; Bexel Corp.: Hopi Brooks, Brockman Enterprises; Richard Bomersheim; Burns Audio; Carlos 'n Charlie's: Bernice Altschul; James Cassell; Chapman Studio Equipment; Cine-Pro: Steve Carrillo; Cliff Typographers: Karen Kanar; Bill Cohen; Contemporary Services: Fred Bailey, Jerry Crutcher, Anthony Davis, Dave Davis, Joe Gormaloy, Tom Halloran, Warren Kaye, Mark Parsons, John Stone; Doug Dana; Elian Dashev; Design FX Audio; Digital Dispatch Co.; Dosters Security Services: Bobby Adams, Kim Bragg, Allene Carter, Budda Carter, James Davis, Caroline Dorsey, Lymann Doster, Marcos Gastelum, Cheryl Hamilton, L. Jones, Monroe Mabon, Tony McKinney, Art Sewell, Joe Spinuzzi, Xavier Steen, Linda Williams; Marcel East; Suzanne Edgren; Ellis Mercantile; Environmental Landscape Design: Bluma Bluebond; Expendable Supply Store: Buzz Martin; Federal Express: Brandon Davis, Mary Stettler; Dana Ferris; John Field; Fleischman Hiller: Mark Grossman; G2 Graphic Service: John Beard, Pamela Beard; Cathy Garfield; Golden Nugget: Steve Wynn; Ronni Goldstein; Wendy Goldstein; Golin-Malley Productions; Lance Golin; Graphic Arts Systems: Bob Hutchinson; Great American Market: Joe

Tawil; Greene, Crowe & Co.: Kevin Hayes, Diane Stafford, Keith Winikoff; Hecht Custom Photo: Chris Hecht; Robert Hilburn; Hollywood Coffee Service: Fred Bass; Louis Johnson; The Klages Group: Penney Dodson, Lee Klemmer; Kragen & Company: Linda Bergener, Lynne DeBernardis, Sotero Diaz, Joseph Geus, Damon Griffin, James Holloway, Lisa Kelsey, Antony Maricevic, Endi Maricevic, Greg McMickle, Jacque Wagnon; Leed's Musical; *Life* magazine: David Breskin, Cheryl McCall; Lighthouse Studio: Eduardo Fayad; Lion Share Studios and Staff: Jay Antista, Paul Bassett, Larry Fergusson, Tom Fouce, Khaliq Glover, Joel Jauregui, Patrice Kilby, Peg Needleman, Steve Schmitt, Rowena Tauber, Howard Weiss, Terry Williams; Anka Maricevic; Mason Badge: Al Freedman; George Massenburg; Paul McKenna; Mike Melvoin; Mary Jo Mennella; Devera Metter; Mole-Richardson Company of Hollywood Lighting: Larry Parker; Peter Morse; Music Express; Nagel Nursery: Hans & Anneliesa Nagel; Roger Nichols; Nike; Oberheim: Ron Oberman; Ocean Way Recording; Ted Conroy; Omega Studios: Ken Dodge; Pacific Video: Steve Schiffren; Palacio Video Engineering: John Palacio, Jr.; Cheryl Pappas; David Partin; Pepsi, USA: Ken Ross; Photo Image, Inc.: Jim Holder, Alice Lumley; PIP (Sunset and La Cienega): Chuck Jordan; Bob Pittman; The Post Group: Joan Adler, Arnie Chodorow, Dave Fishbein, Meryl Lippman-Perutz, John Williams; Prop Services West: Frank Stepherson; Protection Services Company: Leon Cole; Quantity Photos: Evelyn Mann; Record One: Brian Campbell, Val Garay, Arthur Kelm, Dub Maitland, and Michelle Zarin; Rentals West: Dick Siegel; Richard Photo Lab: Richard Kung; John Richardson; Brenda Richie; John Robinson; Rolling Green: Tom Dahlberg; Rolling Sound Services: George Goen; Rose Royce of Holland: Maya Tamura; Glen Rosenthal; R & R Express; Marcus Ryles; Scenic Express: Kevin Gadd; Shelly Selover; Afrila Shirb; Show Biz Enterprises: Yuri Mansdorf; Alan Sides; Tamsy Smith; Someone's in the Kitchen: John Abrahams, Kenneth Altman, Peter Bott, Joe Douglas, Patrick Dubray, Barbara Harper, Ken Harper, David Hayhurst, Michael Hollister, Jerry Huffman, Bob Jackson, Steve Jaffee, Rich Jones, Morag Karius, Peggy Kranz, Michael Landfreid, Jeff Meshel, Janice Padwa, Star Phifer, Laura Piening,Joanne Roth, Brian Russ, Carol St. Ama, Tom Stack, Cameron Teufel, Gail Teufel, Margaret Toll, Sharon Trocki, Abdoulaya Soumarr; Sound Source Audio Rentals; Synclavier; TechniGraphics; Irving Adler, Dan Farrington; Patti Tessel; Jimmy Thudpucker; 3M Company: Larry Drohman; Tritonics: Bob Sofia; Ultravision: Carl Porcella; Ian Underwood; Verkerke Reproductions USA: Steven M. Rediker; Video Diversions: Charles Williams; Video Monitoring Services; Video One, Inc.; Videotape Products; Warner Communications, Inc.: Steve Ross; Steve Warnick; Wells Fargo Security: Tom Banghart, Eddie Banks, Efigo Brides, Dara Byrd, Ted Van Camperi, Mr. Cox, Emmanuel Dwamenah, Robert Franco, Wayne Glenn, Walter Gray, Charles Quinn, Roei Riojas, Ron Wilson; West Coast Theatrical Supply: Mike Bonnaud; West Coast Worldwide Theatrical: Mike Barnhart; Wexler Video; Williams Graphics; Winterland Productions: Dell Furano; Yamaha; Cynthia Young; Andy Zucker; Cooper, Epstein & Hurewitz for legal services; Len Freedman, John Rigney, Ann Short of Jess S. Morgan & Company for accounting services.

Introduction

When in doubt—DO SOMETHING. The late Harry Chapin spoke these words to me eight years ago when I tried to point out to him the enormous difficulty he faced in his almost singlehanded attempt to eliminate world hunger in his own lifetime. At that time, I thought Harry was jousting with windmills, that the task he had taken on was too big to accomplish. Unfortunately, Harry's life was tragically cut short by an auto accident in 1981.

I was more bereaved than I have ever been. I thought that no one in this country could possibly work as hard or as effectively for the world's hungry and homeless as Harry. Although many of us who knew him talked about his spirit still being alive, it seemed that without his personal enthusiasm, drive, and unlimited energy, his goal could never even be approached.

But then Kenny Rogers picked up the torch that had fallen with Harry and carried it to new heights with his World Hunger Media Awards and his highly effective food drives.

Still, something was missing. Finding solutions for hunger was simply not a priority among the world's governments, nor even most of its people.

Last fall things suddenly changed. It started with a BBC-TV report on hunger in Ethiopia. Irish rock musician Bob Geldof saw the broadcast and, like so many other people, he was deeply moved by it, and he DID SOMETHING. He organized a group of musicians, called them Band Aid, and produced a song which so far has raised nearly ten million dollars for African famine relief. That one act by Bob Geldof started a chain reaction. Songs have now been recorded in Germany, Canada, Australia, South America, and here in the United States, all sparked by his effort.

Bob put it best when he said, "We in the music business have made drugs fashionable; we've made wild clothing and hairstyles fashionable; now it is time we made compassion and generosity fashionable."

As you turn the pages of this book and read the text, you will learn about one of the most historic events in American popular music. You will share private moments with some of the world's most famous artists. Some of these moments, such as the discussion between Huey Lewis, Willie Nelson, and Bob Dylan about the game of golf, are quite humorous. Others, such as the moment when two Ethiopian women came into the studio to thank the stars for their efforts, are quite moving and emotional.

When you have finished all sixty-four pages of this book, I hope you will have a sense of the true spirit of this momentous effort. Also, I hope *you* will be moved to DO SOMETHING, as Harry Chapin so aptly put it. Take action yourself to play a part, however large or small, in eradicating hunger anywhere from your own community to the far-off lands of Africa.

We outline in this book some of the things you can do to help. They are far from all of what you might accomplish. Be creative. Learn about the problems. Make your own attempts to DO SOMETHING. Let us know what you are doing so we can share it with others.

On Friday morning, February 1, four days after the most incredible experience of my life—the all-night recording session with these forty-five artists—I woke up with the startling realization that while I had helped to put together this tremendous event, I had yet to feed one child or save one life.

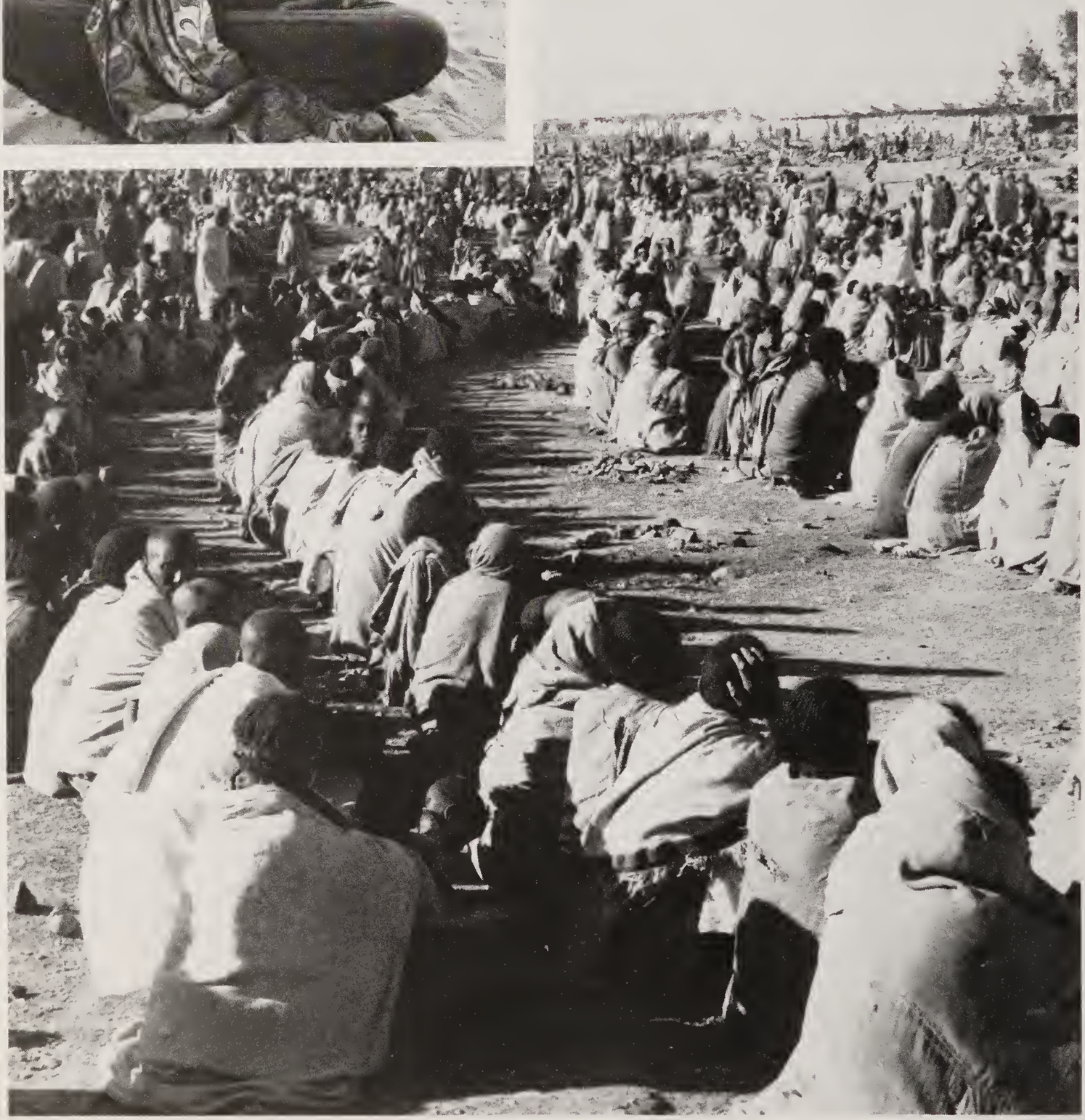
The event itself is only a beginning—a wonderful and inspirational beginning—but still just the start of what must be a lifelong effort if we are to make a real difference in the battle against hunger. The recording of "We Are the World" has shown that the opportunity is here now to DO SOMETHING to make a difference. With your help, we intend to do so.

Ken Kragen

Ken Kragen
USA for Africa

A young mother with severely dehydrated and malnourished twins in Mônguel, Mauritania, one of the countries hardest hit by years of prolonged drought conditions in the African Sahel. *Photo by Maggie Murray-Lee, courtesy of UNICEF.*

Thousands of famine victims wait patiently for the distribution of blankets at the Andamicael relief shelter in the strife-torn province of Tigre, Ethiopia. *Photo by John Richardson, courtesy of UNICEF.*



The Need for Help

One hundred years after colonial powers divvied up Africa to suit their own purposes, the continent finds itself in a state of permanent crisis. Twenty-nine of the world's thirty-six poorest nations are found south of the Sahara, and twenty-five of them are now urgently appealing for emergency aid to ward off famine. Some 150 million people (one third to one half of the population of sub-Saharan Africa) face massive food shortages, a lack of adequate health care, and a dwindling supply of water.

The crisis goes deeper than the present drought. Of all the continents, Africa has the lowest per capita income, lowest economic growth rate, lowest literacy and life expectancy. It is also burdened with the least political stability (more than seventy leaders in twenty-nine nations have been overthrown by assassination or coup d'état in the past twenty-five years) and most severe environmental problems.

Africa's economy was designed to keep the colonial powers well-stocked. After achieving independence, most African countries adopted models of economic development that did not safeguard the best features of traditional African societies and attempt to build from that base: what emerged instead were economic strategies to reshape Africa in the image of the Western world in only ten to twenty years. This hurried, haphazard effort completely misunderstood the process of Western industrialization and led many African economies on the road to ruin.

To pay back the loans taken out to finance rapid industrial growth, African nations turned to cash crops for export. This meant growing food on more marginal lands. But increased cropping for export pushed the small farmer onto delicate soils, suitable only for grazing. As the years went by, the soil produced less and less, and was soon exhausted. Superimposed on this pattern came the drought, which now affects one third of the African population. Soils left brittle and bare by overgrazing and drought are being swept away, much as they were in the Dust Bowl in the United States during the 1930s. Every year the Sahara expands by a few million acres.

As a result of all of this, while Africa basically could feed itself in the 1950s, today it grows only half its own food and must import over 20 million tons annually. In such an environment, the poorest and weakest of Africans (especially mothers and children) have become increasingly vulnerable to setbacks such as drought. It is not nature alone that is causing this crisis but the social and economic pressures that prevent the poor from withstanding the rigors of nature. Today there are 5 million refugees in Africa (half of them children) and over 25 million people in need of immediate assistance. While the media have focused on Ethiopia—where the greatest number are starving—this tragedy knows no borders: there are millions in peril in Angola, Burkina Faso, Chad, Ghana, Mali, Mauritania, Mozambique, Niger, Somalia, Sudan, and Uganda.

Malnutrition lowers resistance to disease, creating a downward spiral of ill health and eventually death. Pouring in food aid is only a partial and temporary step. To be sure, Africa needs immediate relief—food and water and medicine. It needs intermediate aid, such as seeds and fertilizer, farming tools, and irrigation implements. It also needs long-term development projects that respect African cultures and seek to make Africans more self-sufficient. USA for Africa was born out of all these needs and will provide help on each of these levels.

A young woman, in from the desert, feeds her dehydrated child at a health center in Mônguel, Mauritania. *Photo by Maggie Murray-Lee, courtesy of UNICEF.*

Displaced women and their children at an overcrowded camp in Bati, Ethiopia. Food, vaccines, blankets, and water-supply equipment are needed to provide relief for the seven million Ethiopians now facing starvation. *Photo by John Isaac, courtesy of UNICEF.*

Ken Kragen, manager of Kenny Rogers and Lionel Richie and the organizer of USA for Africa, talks with Michael Jackson. *Photo by Henry Diltz.*

Harry and Julie Belafonte at the guest party. Belafonte sparked the USA for Africa effort. *Photo by Richard Bomersheim.*

A Call to Action

A few days before Christmas 1984, Harry Belafonte happens to be watching television. The news report is bleak with information about the African famine. So vast and complex is the tragedy that he feels powerless, like most of us, in its wake. But on this particular broadcast there is an interview with an Australian doctor who'd volunteered for service in Ethiopia. A line of sick, malnourished children stretches for thousands of yards outside his tent. The doctor is asked, "How can you handle working in these conditions, when the problem seems so massive, almost irreversible? How can you get up every day to face such an awesome task?" The doctor replies, "I take them one at a time." It's a simple answer, perhaps a cliché, but it switches on a light bulb in Harry Belafonte's head.

Bob Geldof, organizer of the British Band Aid, with Bette Midler during the recording session. ***Photo by Sam Emerson.***

The phone rings in Ken Kragen's Los Angeles office. It's Belafonte. Belafonte calls Kragen because he knows Ken had managed Harry Chapin—a former close friend and an artist deeply committed to the cause of world hunger before his death in 1981—and knows Kragen now manages Kenny Rogers, who'd picked up the anti-hunger torch from Chapin, and Lionel Richie, possibly the world's hottest songwriter and vocalist. Kragen is thrilled to hear from Belafonte. He'd grown up on Harry's music.

Belafonte tells Kragen he's upset by the lack of action black American artists have taken in response to the famine. He tells Kragen he'd like to put on a fund-raising concert starring Lionel Richie, Stevie Wonder, and Michael Jackson. Kragen, with a background in concert promotion and a good memory for the fiscal fiasco that was the Bangladesh concert in 1971 and the quite limited success of the MUSE no-nukes concerts in 1978, tells Belafonte, "Harry, I think we're making a mistake trying to do this as a concert. You know, there's no copyright on the Band Aid idea."

The "Band Aid idea," of course, was the brainchild of Bob Geldof, the Irish leader of the Boomtown Rats, and cowriter of the smash hit song, "Do They Know It's Christmas?" The record and all its related Band Aid merchandise, released in a rush during the holiday, have raised some $10 million for African famine relief. Belafonte agrees with Kragen—he's been tremendously impressed with the British effort—and furthermore quickly decides not to limit the recording to black artists.

With this first phone conversation, the project is on its way. No artists have committed, no recording date has been set, no producer has been picked—but this much is assured: Bob Geldof will be the inspiration, Ken Kragen will be the organizer, and Harry Belafonte the spokesman. The "American Band Aid" is still only an idea, but it's an idea that's alive. It's not an original idea, but that hardly matters when there's so much at stake. It's not even an idea whose time has come. Rather it is an idea whose time, regrettably, is long overdue.

Writing the Song

A day after Belafonte's phone call, Ken Kragen heads out to Lionel Richie's house. Lionel immediately commits to writing the song, explaining that he and his wife Brenda had been searching for something positive to do about the famine. Lionel and Kragen are off to a meeting with Dick Clark about the American Music Awards, which Lionel is hosting in a month's time. In the limo Clark has sent for them, they can't stop talking about the project. Kragen says he'll call Quincy Jones to ask him to produce; Lionel picks up the car phone, looking for a cowriter, and dials Stevie Wonder.

Stevie Wonder is many things, but one thing he is *not* is easy to reach. Lionel tries all through the day and night but can't track him down. The next day, Brenda Richie is Christmas shopping, and into the store walks Stevie Wonder. They say hello and he asks her to help him pick something out. "No way," she says, "not until you call my husband." Lionel is at a doctor's appointment and Brenda gives him the number. When Lionel lays it out for him, he says, "Let's do it."

At the same time, Michael Jackson happens to call his friend Quincy Jones, who'd produced Michael's last two albums, both of them rumored to be modestly successful. Quincy—who by now has agreed to be involved—convinces Michael to pitch in on the song. He knows Michael is a fast writer and that his involvement will help push the project along. Now Kragen is cooking. He's got the three guys Belafonte wanted—Lionel, Stevie, and Michael; he's got Q, the world's most successful and well-respected record producer; he's got three of his own clients to add (Kenny Rogers, Kim Carnes, and Lindsey Buckingham). But he's also got problems: he needs a time and place to record, a not-for-profit corporation to channel the funds, a bankroll to pay for expenses (Kenny Rogers and Lionel would pledge $200,000), and a Rainbow Coalition of superstars to sing. He will go after Tina Turner. He will go after Bruce Springsteen. Go after Prince and Willie Nelson, after Eddie Murphy and Paul Simon.

A problem, though, from the get go: Stevie is in New York, in Philadelphia, everywhere but Los Angeles when the song must be written. Lionel and Michael must do it themselves. (As that profound American philosopher Meat Loaf once said, "Two out of three ain't bad.") They have never collaborated before—on any project—and do not even run in the same circle of friends; they don't know each other too well. "The idea of me and you," says Lionel to Michael, "even being in the same city at the same time is pretty ridiculous." Furthermore, Lionel is a hardcore night person (he's at his best writing songs in his car cruising abandoned freeways at 4:00 A.M.), while Michael makes hay while the sun shines. So they start to do what any self-respecting musicians would do. They don't write the song. They hang out.

First there's a dinner at Lionel's. Then three dinners at Michael's. They swap stories, they tell jokes, they sing. "Have fun" is how Michael puts it. They spend a lot of time retracing each other's steps since 1971—when a young Lionel Richie took his unknown band, The Commodores, out on the road for their first big tour, in support of a little thirteen-year-old and his brothers, The Jackson Five. They do a lot of catching up, give-and-take. Lionel refuses to associate with Michael's pet boa constrictor, Muscles, but he does defer occasionally to his birds out back; Michael, in turn, defers to Lionel's night-owl hours, regularly staying up past his bedtime. A good time, but no business with pianos or paper or tape recorders.

Ten days into January, Quincy telephones Lionel and deadpans, "Well, Lionel, do ya think we can get

it sometime 'tween now and Christmas?" Quincy talks to Lionel and Michael about what the song needs to be, and everyone agrees: something a sea of voices can sing, something grand and not too fast—an *anthem*. "Let It Be" is discussed, "Bridge over Troubled Waters" is discussed. The destination is clear; it's the vehicle that's lacking. A few days later, Quincy telephones again. In his reassuringly calm, charming manner, he asks, "Uh, Lionel, where's the hook?" The hook, as well as the rest of the song the entire music industry is coming to sing in less than two weeks, is still nowhere to be found. Not a note of it.

Meanwhile, Kragen has a date, January 28, when a gaggle of stars would be in town anyway for the American Music Awards. The recording is planned to begin two hours after the Awards end. He has a studio (A & M) capacious enough to hold both a large choir and a large gathering of supporters of the effort who were not to sing on the recording. The party will be thrown for the artists' guests, many of whom were themselves instrumental in the effort to rally artists in support of African famine relief. Each artist was allowed to invite five people who could participate in the event from the adjoining Charlie Chaplin Soundstage, since no one except the working artists will be permitted in the recording studio proper. A video and audio feed from the studio to the party will serve as an umbilical cord. Kragen also has his new not-for-profit corporation, The African Relief and Development Foundation, and a name for the project, "USA for Africa" (United Support of Artists for Africa), suggested by Wendy Garfield-Ferris of his office.

As the pressure builds, Lionel and Michael spend a day away from each other. When Lionel returns to Michael's house, this time he brings two melodic ideas on a tape. Michael says "I got it. Thanks Lionel." No need for Lionel to leave the tape, Michael has it locked. With those two lines as a spur, Michael steals into the studio that night—not his studio at home, which is being repaired, but another one. He says, "I love working quickly. I went ahead without even Lionel knowing. I couldn't wait. I went in and came out the same night with the song completed—drums, piano, strings, and words to the chorus. I presented the demo to Quincy and Lionel, and they were in shock—they didn't expect to see something this quick. They loved it." It is January 15. Lionel tells Michael, "If you work like that, you could do a whole album in a week." He's surprised by Michael's speed and also flattered that Michael ran so far with his ideas.

When the twosome get back together later in the week to start putting the lyrics together, it's a joke. Quite literally. For some reason, everything becomes funny, goofy, ridiculous. It's not too easy to write an anthem about world hunger and helping in this sort of a mood. Perhaps it's a release from the unspoken *heaviness* of writing words that they now know will be sung by Ray Charles and Bob Dylan and Springsteen, who have all committed by now. Early in the evening, Michael says to Lionel, "Of course you know we're not going to get anything written tonight." And they don't.

The next time they meet they know the initial recording of the song is scheduled for tomorrow evening, January 22. They get down to business. "No playing around," says Lionel, "straight to it." The lyrics are summoned in two-and-a-half hours. Done.

"We Are the World"
Written by Michael Jackson and Lionel Richie

There comes a time when we heed a certain call
When the world must come together as one
There are people dying
And it's time to lend a hand to life
The greatest gift of all

We can't go on pretending day by day
That someone, somewhere will soon make a change
We are all a part of God's great big family
And the truth, you know,
Love is all we need

CHORUS:
We are the world, we are the children
We are the ones who make a brighter day
So let's start giving
There's a choice we're making
We're saving our own lives
It's true and we'll make a better day
Just you and me

Send them your heart so they'll know that someone cares
And their lives will be stronger and free
As God has shown us by turning stones to bread
So we all must lend a helping hand

REPEAT CHORUS

When you're down and out, there seems no hope at all
But if you just believe there's no way we can fall
Let us realize that a change can only come
When we stand together as one

REPEAT CHORUS

BRIDGE	(Michael Jackson solo) (Huey Lewis solo) (Cyndi Lauper solo) (Kim Carnes solo) (Kim and Huey duet)	When you're down and out, there seems no hope at all But if you just believe there's no way we can fall Let us realize that a change can only come When we stand together as one

Fills:
Bob Dylan
Bruce Springsteen
Ray Charles

(FADE OUT)

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LEADSHEET

WE ARE THE WORLD

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
MICHAEL JACKSON AND LIONEL RICHIE

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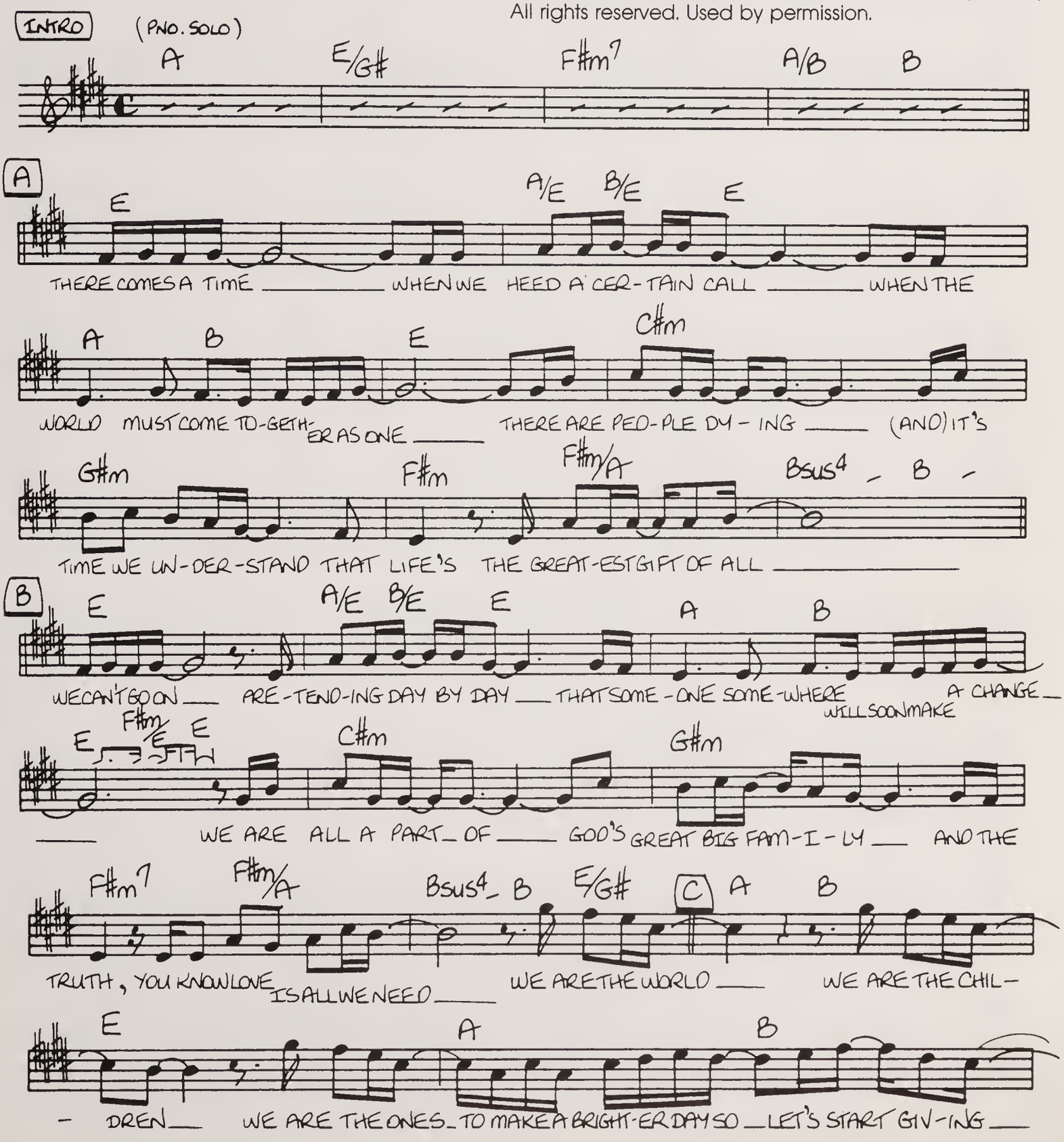

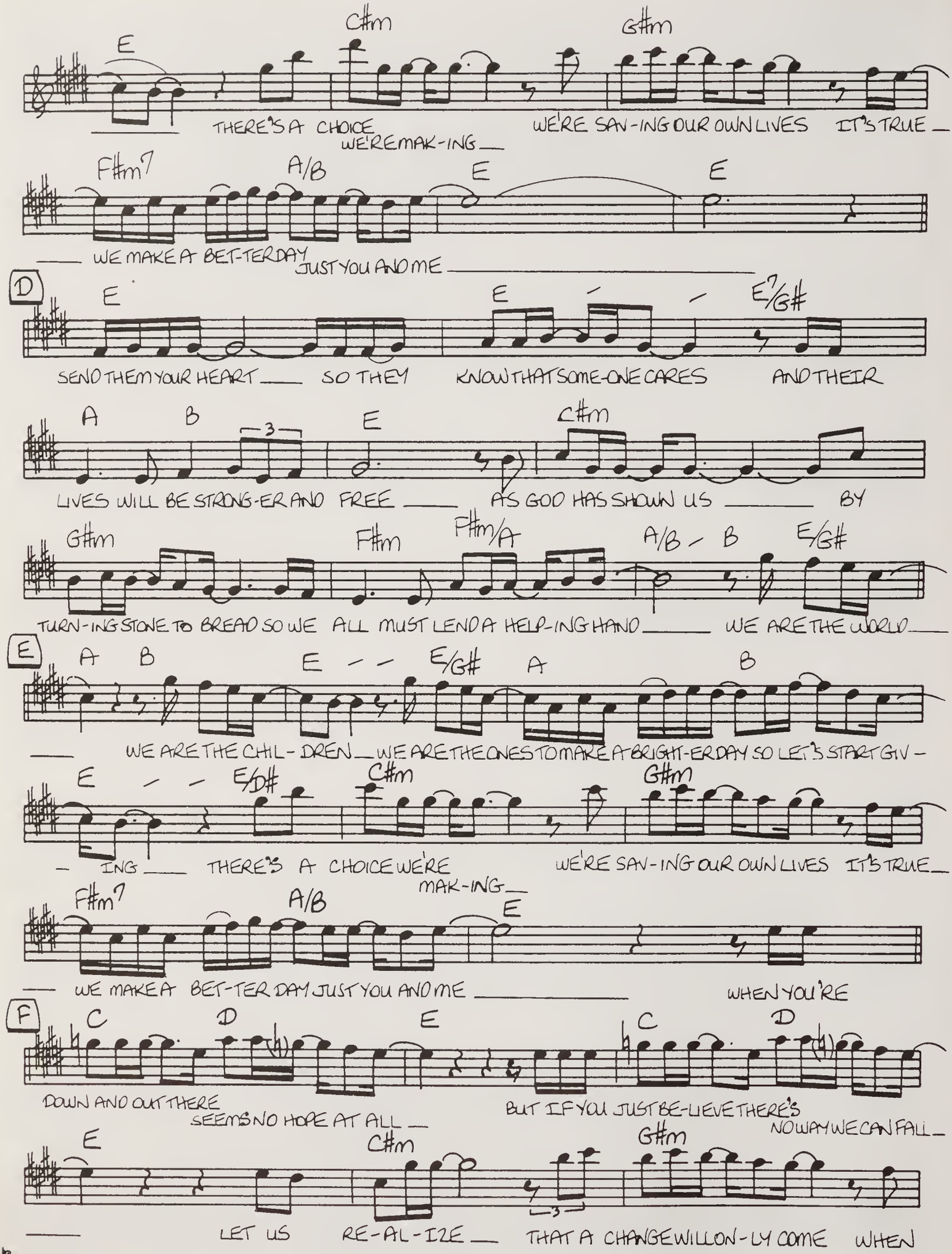
E C#m G#m
THERE'S A CHOICE WE'RE MAK-ING WE'RE SAN-ING OUR OWN LIVES IT'S TRUE
F#m7 A/B E E
WE MAKE A BET-TER DAY JUST YOU AND ME
D
E E E7/G#
SEND THEM YOUR HEART SO THEY KNOW THAT SOME-ONE CARES AND THEIR
A B 3 E C#m
LIVES WILL BE STRONG-ER AND FREE AS GOD HAS SHOWN US BY
G#m F#m F#m/A A/B B E/G#
TURN-ING STONE TO BREAD SO WE ALL MUST LEND A HELP-ING HAND WE ARE THE WORLD
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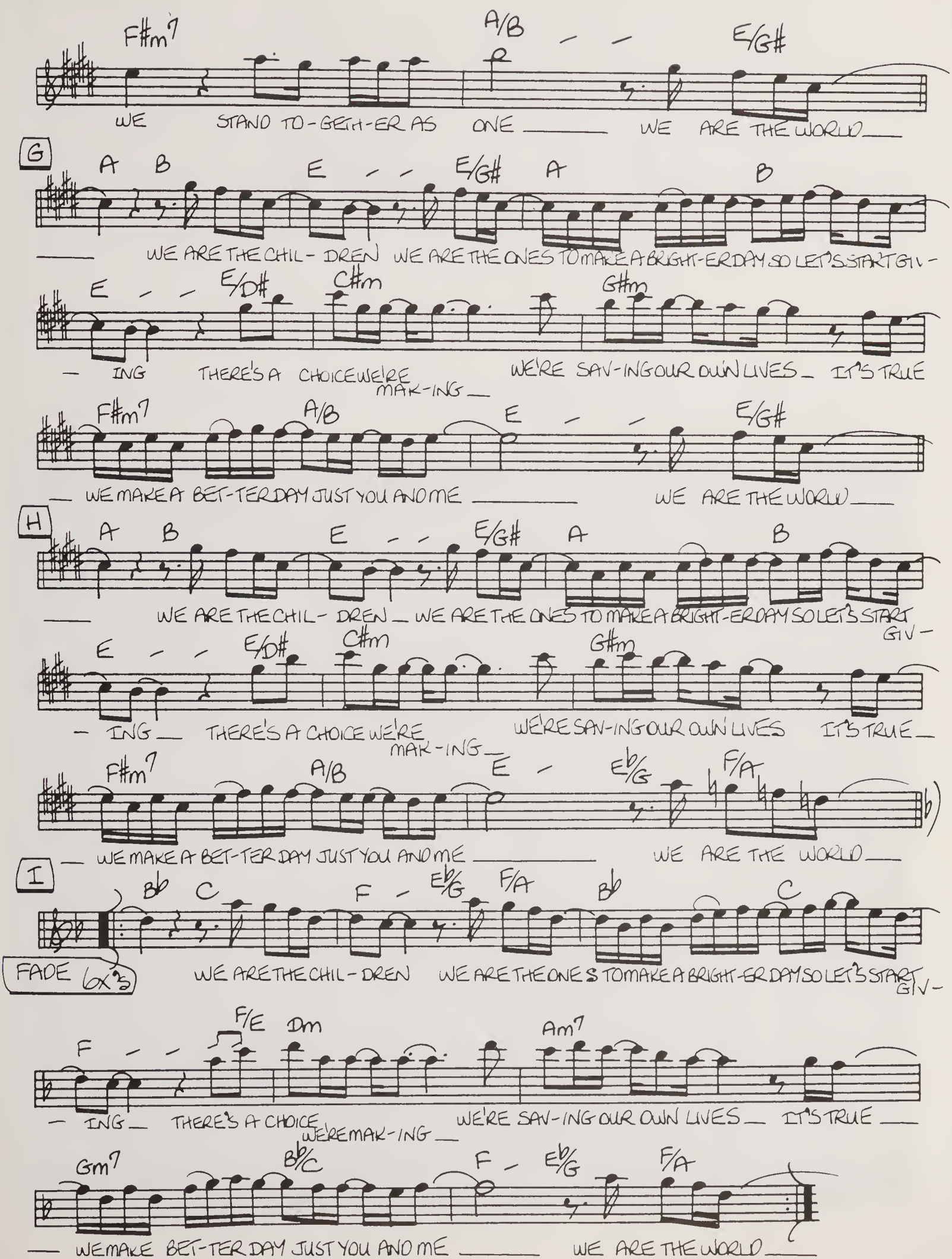
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WE MAKE A BET-TER DAY JUST YOU AND ME WE ARE THE WORLD
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B♭ C F E♭/G F/A B♭ C
FADE 6X'S WE ARE THE CHIL-DREN WE ARE THE ONES TO MAKE A BRIGHT-ER DAY SO LET'S START GIV-
F F/E Dm Am7
-ING THERE'S A CHOICE WE'RE MAK-ING WE'RE SAV-ING OUR OWN LIVES IT'S TRUE
Gm7 B♭/C F E♭/G F/A
WE MAKE BET-TER DAY JUST YOU AND ME WE ARE THE WORLD

In the control room at Lion Share: Drummer John "J.R." Robinson, engineer Humberto Gatica, pianist Greg "Mouse" Phillinganes, Quincy Jones, Lionel Richie, keyboardist Michael "Lily" Boddicker. *Photo by Sam Emerson.*

A Week of No Sleep

January 22 & 23 Security is tight this Tuesday evening outside Kenny Rogers's Lion Share Studio, 8255 Beverly Boulevard, Los Angeles. Inside, up the stairway and down the green-carpeted, mirrored, brass-railed hallway, there is a commotion in Studio A: Skeet, Smelly, Stevie, and Q are carrying on. Lionel "Skeet" Richie, Michael "Smelly" Jackson (Quincy's nickname for him because Michael is always so squeaky clean), Stevie Wonder, and producer Quincy "Q" Jones are running through an Acapulco (*a cappella*) version of the anthem Michael and Lionel have just finished—but not yet polished.

Tonight the basic instrumental track will be recorded, Lionel and Michael will add a "guide" vocal to teach the other artists the melody and lyrics, and fifty cassettes of the song will be dubbed for all those invited to sing. In addition to the aforementioned foursome (Stevie soon departs), the studio is swimming in musicians, organizers, techies, video crews, retinues, hangers-on, assistants, and spilled popcorn from a fierce kernel shootout between Michael and his constant companion, Emmanuel Lewis, star of *Webster*. There is a lovely platter of fresh fruit sitting on top of the garbage can in the control room, a not-so-subtle reminder of why everyone is here.

Studio A is a blond-wood, track-lit affair, all California plush and casual, and the mood in the room reflects it: everyone is relaxed and upbeat. Michael's in black shirt and blue jeans, white socks and penny loafers. Lionel's in a black leather jacket and his favorite Reeboks. Quincy wears one of his 25,000 sweaters. There are also video cameras, subtle as pink elephants, roaming the room.

Bassist Louis "Boot" Johnson (of the Brothers Johnson), supersession pianist Greg "Mouse" Phillinganes, and drummer John "J.R." Robinson (of Rufus) warm themselves up with a rousing funk rendition of "Mares Eat Oats," a gospelized version of "We Are the World," and Stevie's famous, "I Was Made to Love Her." When they break into a spontaneous "Billie Jean," little Emmanuel, who's dancing next to Michael, sports a pint-sized body wave as his headphones fall all over his face. Lionel says, "I have not had this much fun in my whole life. We never get a chance to *play*."

As the trio gets a feel for the song, engineer Humberto Gatica changes the speed of the Urei digital metronome which will set the tempo for the tune. Everything else can change—instrumental tracks can be erased, modified, and others added after tonight—but there's no changing the tempo once it's been massaged by a forty-five-voice choir. After much experimentation—it's moved from 19.5 beats a minute down to 17, then back up to 18—the musicians and Quincy finally settle on 19 beats a minute. Q announces, "That's a good common denominator between the verses and the chorus."

Now the trio is off on an endless series of runthroughs. Michael sits in the control room on a beige sofa behind the mixing board, sharing some grapes and inside jokes with Emmanuel, who's lazing in his lap. Michael quietly asks for a banana from the other side of the room. When it's thrown, Emmanuel intercepts à la Lester Hayes, but declines to spike the banana despite urging from those football fans present.

Meanwhile, work is being done. Quincy takes notes on his score. After a take, he tells Robinson, who's motored along drumming a very simple, straight backbeat for the better part of an hour and has just thrown in a few rapid-fire tom-tom fills, "Don't get too excited here, J.R. We want to keep it simple. Remember there'll be all those voices singing above this.

So eighth-note fills, not sixteenth-note fills. We don't want it to get too frantic."

Q works with each of the trio in fits and starts, shuttling back and forth between the control room and the studio between takes, sometimes providing direction through their headphones. He's an architect, building a blockbuster from the bottom up. Tonight the foundation is being poured. Occasionally he glances at his handwritten blueprint which sits next to a stopwatch. It's Q's cue sheet:

:06 Intro
:15 VS I
:44 VS II
1:08 Chos I
1:40 VS III
2:35 Bridge
3:02 Chos III
3:30 Chos IV
3:57 Chos V—mod
4:25 Chos VI
4:53 Chos VII
5:20 Chos VIII
5:48 Chos IX
6:15 serious fills—
6:38

Let's see, that's three verses (VS), one bridge, nine choruses (Chos) with a modulation (mod) on the fifth one, and some nastily sanctified vocal hollers on the way out (serious fills).

John "J.R." Robinson, of Rufus, drummer on "We Are the World." ***Photo by Sam Emerson.***

As the trio grinds on in the studio, Michael, Lionel, and friends huddle in the hallway with a copy of the *National Enquirer.* The cover story details Joanna Carson's recent legal action, which claims she can't live on $44,600 a month. Everyone runs down her list of monthly expenses, clothing and jewelry and so on. The story becomes an absurd motif for the evening, an extreme counterpoint between the extravagant world the performers themselves live in and the purpose of the project at hand.

A few hours of work and the trio feels it's hit stride on the umpteenth run-through, the fifth recorded take. They come in the control room to listen to the playback. Quincy is still not satisfied. He tells them he wants one more take, "because you won't be thinking about it this time. I still hear a little bit of thought in there now. You know, like on a road map—turn right, turn left. I still hear that." Greg "Mouse" Phillinganes can't complain about all the repetition. On his way back into the studio he says, "A lot of people will live because of this record."

Before the sixth take, Q, a bit restless now, calls to his musicians, "Let's *do it,* guys!" After this prompting, they're sure to mess up—and they do (a number of times on the introduction), but soon they're rolling. Lionel kneels behind the mixing board; Michael sits on the couch with his head nodding to the beat and his lap full of Emmanuel; and before long Humberto, in mid-take, is hugging Q at the board, telling him, "This is gonna be big! *Big!*" and Q is laughing his approval. As the trio filters back to the control room to listen to the playback, Lionel tells Quincy, "First of all, it's soulful at the beginning and then it *walks* to the end. It demands nothing more than the choir clapping at the end. In fact," continues Lionel, tongue in cheek, "we'll probably have better participation with the clapping than with the singing." During the playback in the control room, the trio is in such high spirits (they're done working) that when they begin humming the melody with Lionel, Humberto, and Quincy, it somehow turns into a giddy imitation of The Bee Gees. Slapstick studio surrealism! Everyone's hysterical with laughter.

Next, the studio is prepared for Lionel and Michael to cut the vocal. Three chest-high baffles and one microphone are placed in the corner of the room. The video crew has gone home, and it's time to get down to the business of singing. At 11:00 P.M., they begin laying down the vocal. This is the first time they've sung together, and they beat away the natural nervousness between takes with a little small talk. Michael drums his fingers against the baffles in staccato rhythmic bursts. They talk quietly, comparing notes:

MICHAEL: Do you ever go to the record store?
LIONEL: No.
MICHAEL: 'Cause you can get caught.
LIONEL: Tell me about it. [laughs]
MICHAEL: But you can sell a lot of records, though.

LIONEL: You do a lot of autographs right quick! Do you go?

MICHAEL: Sometimes I'll sneak in late, after everyone's gone . . .

One photographer remains on the scene—Sam Emerson, Michael's personal snapper—and as he moves in for a shot, Michael asks, "Are we taking a picture?" Sam responds, "No, *I'm* taking a picture. You're in a picture." They stand around waiting as an assistant engineer changes the microphone—despite the fact that tonight's vocals will go no farther than cassette. On the next take, Lionel and Michael embellish the melody, phrasing slightly off the beat and improvising emotionally. Quincy strides into the studio. "Hey, Sam and Dave!" he calls to Skeet and Smelly, "on the chorus, really nail the melody, play it straight. You know, demonology would not be encouraged!" It's Q's way of reminding them that the purpose of this vocal recording is merely to teach the other artists the song, and not to "tear the roof off the sucker."

Hurrying back to the control room, he thinks out loud, "I've never seen Smelly with this much energy this late at night." Michael's been hanging out late with Lionel so much, it must be osmosis. Then again, Michael shows he's not yet completely reformed when he compares schedules with Lionel. "I'm getting up at 5:30 in the morning to daydream," he says. For a moment Lionel is silent. (Here is a man who goes to *sleep* at 5:30.) Finally the enormity of Michael's task hits him. He asks incredulously, "What the hell are you talking about?"

The major problem of the evening is the lyrics, specifically the third line of the chorus: "There's a chance we're taking, we're taking our own lives." From the control room, Quincy tells them he's worried about the second part of the line.

QUINCY: Smelly, I know what you mean, but the record is colloquial and that's gonna be taken as a suicide line . . .

MICHAEL: I thought about that too.

QUINCY: . . . Rather than be heard as "We're taking our lives in our own hands." [They all listen to a playback.]

LIONEL: We're *saving* our own lives.

QUINCY: Yeah, that's much better.

Lionel and Michael change the line on their copy of the sheet music. As they work together, the photographer sees a moment of history. Lionel jokes, "This is McCartney and Lennon!" while Emerson narrates and commands, "This is an all-time classic shot, guys! One, two, three! One more time. One more time. One more time. Again. Again. Thank you gentlemen, that was great." After a few more passes on the chorus Quincy comes back into the studio. This time, he's worried that the first part of the line—"There's a chance we're taking"—will make the group sound self-glorifying. He walks behind the baffles and all three collapse onto the carpet. Lionel laughs, "This is when you truly get the record together, when you hit the floor." Q tells them, "One thing we don't want to do, especially with this group, is look like we're patting ourselves on the back. So it's really, 'There's a *choice* we're *making*.'" Michael sings the new line. Lionel responds, "You're right. I love it." Quincy: "It sounds like a commitment."

Louis "Boot" Johnson, of The Brothers Johnson, bass guitarist on "We Are the World." *Photo by Sam Emerson.*

While they're down for the count, the three of them decide to roll up their sleeves and do a bit more carpentry on the lyrics. The phrase "a brighter day" currently appears twice in the four-line chorus, and Lionel and Quincy are lobbying to replace the second "brighter" with another word, maybe "better."

MICHAEL: "Brighter" twice there doesn't bother me. It feels natural to say it again.

QUINCY: But you get a stronger feeling there, Smelly, if you use another word.

MICHAEL: (sings it) It doesn't feel natural . . .

LIONEL: It makes a lesser impact if we sing "brighter" back to back.

Lionel and Michael sing it together and decide "better" will work. But just when they think they've got "brighter" behind them, they realize there's another "brighter" in the second line of the third verse: "And their lives will be so much brighter and free." The threesome, now hopelessly prone on the carpet, search for a replacement. After ten minutes, they try singing "stronger and free" and Q shouts, "Hello!" (When Quincy shouts "Hello!" he means, "Yes, that's right, perfect.") Skeet and Smelly do a little sanding and planing on the phrasing of the lyrics and it's done. They're not ready to nail the "guide" vocal. It's 'round midnight.

Michael Jackson, Lionel Richie, Emmanuel Lewis (TV's "Webster"), and Stevie Wonder at the demo session in the control room at Lion Share. *Photo by Sam Emerson.*

The problem at this point is that they're having a hard time making it through a chorus without flubbing a line, mispronouncing a word, or losing consciousness. The between-takes chatter is now veering off into the realm of Michael's asking Lionel about the horrors of rum-and-coke hangovers (Lionel gave up such pastimes after college), general comparisons between Amadeus and Prince, and Lionel's exaggerating a line in the first verse with a deep swell in his voice, in the manner of a hack lounge singer, "Yahhh know, love is allllll weeeeee neeeeed!" Michael laughs, "That's for when you do Vegas, right? When you're sixty." Lionel rushes to his defense, "I don't want to do Vegas till I'm seventy, man." After a pregnant pause, he resumes with an imaginary example from that frightful scenario, singing. "You're onnnnnnce, you're twiiiiice—Hey, thank you everybody, thanks for coming out—You're *threeeeee* times a lady." It's slap-happy time among industry giants.

Their concentration has faded and they keep singing the old "taking" instead of the new and improved "saving." Michael giggles after every mistake. Lionel throws up his hands apologetically. Just when it seems they're about to get it right, they split the difference on the mistake, singing "saking." Lionel kicks himself, "That's right, *saking.* We're *saking* our own lives. Oh boy. I can just see people walk in the room and say, Who *are* those two in there?'" Since they keep baking clams, there's plenty of time for conversation between takes. They discuss Diana Ross, a woman they've both worked with, and Michael mentions how much he likes the way she phrased a particular line on her "Endless Love" duet with Lionel. Brenda Richie, Lionel's wife, has come by and enters the studio to take orders: Evian mineral water for them both, and "grapes . . . with a fork" for Michael. When Lionel's asked the vintage of the Evian, he replies, "It's yesterday." Yesterday seems like a long time ago. It was a very good year.

About 1:30 A.M., they begin working on a chorus fill of "sha-lum sha-lingay." It's a little nonsense phonetic phrase Michael made up and it sounds nice in the open spaces, along with the handclaps the two are now adding. After a long series of "sha-lum sha-lingay" Lionel looks into the control room, and drolly remarks, "Man, like, is the album finished?" At which

point Q replies, "If we start getting it too good, someone's gonna start playing it on the radio. Let's not put anything more on this tape." Agreed.

After a short break, the three of them sit down in the studio with Ken Kragen and begin to deal with the few minor problems that remain now that the song has been put to bed: How are they going to pull this off without offending friends? By now Kragen's had to turn down over fifty artists who want to join the project—there's simply no room in the studio or on the record. It's been an agonizing chore for him, saying no to artists this past week. How are they going to pull this off without ravaging egos? Who will *not* get to sing a solo line? Or pull it off without encouraging cynics? Where were these guys before Band Aid? And the money probably won't even get to Africa. Or pull it off without developing ulcers? No one is sleeping much these days and everyone is worrying.

The meeting breaks up at 3:00 A.M.. Quincy and Lionel work off some nervous energy discussing potential problems. Lionel says, "The main thing is for you and Humberto to get your signals together on the technical side, and I'm gonna be the ambassador in the room. I can float." Quincy responds, "Man, you know what? By the time we get there, the *spirit* of this thing will be so real and beautiful that we won't have any problems. Especially if we work out our choreography. Because the spirit is so strong. That's why we got involved in the first place . . ." They discuss whether or not to overdub some synthesizers later in the week and say their good nights (good mornings). Everyone is out the door of Lion Share Studio by 3:30 sharp. That gives Michael two hours of sleep before he has to get up to daydream.

January 24 The cassette dub of "We Are the World" goes out to all the artists via Federal Express, which in the spirit of the event foots the bill. (The lead sheets are not ready and will go out tomorrow.) Enclosed is a letter from Quincy Jones. The line in which Quincy indicates where the session is to be held is blacked out after Kragen decides not to let even the artists know the location of the recording until the day arrives.

January 25 This bright Friday morning Ken Kragen chairs a production meeting in a stucco bungalow in the back of his office complex just off Sunset Boulevard. Present are some twenty associates variously involved in legal matters; flower and plant procurement; talent coordination; promotion; transportation; interviewing; art direction; food, drink, and ice acquisition; video documentation; public relations; traffic control; credentials; security; and plumbing. Kragen addresses the plumbing problem immediately: "The single most damaging leak of information is where we're doing this. If that shows up *anywhere,* we've got a chaotic situation around that studio that could totally destroy the project. The moment a Prince, a Michael Jackson, a Bob Dylan—I guarantee you!—drive up and see a mob around that studio, they will never come in. They are not going to face that. This is the single most high-priority issue." From here the meeting unravels into a consideration of every possible contingency. There will be barricades at the entrance. There will be bags (stapled shut) to hold cameras and tape recorders brought by people indelicate enough to smuggle them in and careless enough to be caught. Doors of nonessential rooms will be locked so that artists can not wander off and not be found. Should there be magazines for the artists in the green room? How wide should the risers be from which the artists will sing? What's to be done with protocol (no guests in the studio) if Sinatra shows up? On the floor of the bungalow, there rests a blackboard on which is drawn a diagram of a football play. And what if the press blitzes?

Producer Quincy Jones at work. ***Photo by Sam Emerson.***

At 3:00 P.M., Quincy and Humberto Gatica reconvene at Lion Share Studio to overdub a few synthesizer parts. Present are three keyboardists: fast-talking John Barnes, who pauses in his smiling discourses only to

light his cigarettes; Michael Melvoin, an old friend of Quincy's, president of N.A.R.A.S. (the National Academy of Recording Arts & Sciences—the Grammy folks), and father of Prince guitarist Wendy Melvoin; and Michael Boddicker, a basketball-tall synth wiz with long blond angel curls, nicknamed "Lily" because in the old days of synthesizers (way back in the '70s) the players used patch cords to program sounds, and Michael would sit at his machine with the cords around his neck like Lily Tomlin, telephone operator. All three musicians will be using Boddicker's setup, an explosion of electronics in the middle of the studio: two Yamaha DX-7's, a Roland Jupiter 6, a Jupiter 8, an Emulator II, a Prophet, a Minimoog, a PPG Wave 2.3. All told, eight keyboards and four floppy-disk drives.

Quincy announces the order of the day to his three keyboard players: "We need to put some goose grease on this!" He wants to make the track fatter, smoother, easier for forty-five voices to follow. The pace is slow, almost soporific. There are no video cameras today. Very unglamorous stuff. "Recording synthesizers," quoth Q, "is like painting a 747 with Q-Tips." John Barnes begins by replacing "Boot" Johnson's electric bass line with a cleaner, more transparent synth bass.

By the time the fuselage is covered, Al Jarreau's on the phone to Quincy for details about Monday night. Quincy is dressed in his standard attire: red pullover sweater, stone-washed black-orange jeans, mustard socks, two-tone brown leather shoes. He issues a wry command over the phone: "After the American Music Awards, we all change out of our clothes, 'cause we don't want to make a hunger record in tuxedos." Jelly Bean Benitez, re-mix master from the South Bronx and producer of the moment (Madonna) comes by to make the scene. Tom Bahler, Q's associate producer and vocal arranger, also shows up, looking like a man who has the world on his shoulders but for some strange reason is happy about it.

Bahler, gray-bearded and safari-shirted, retreats to the back room, where amid a rampaging video game and television, he peruses his lead sheet, hunting for solos. He says, "It's like vocal arranging in a perfect world." (Q sees the other side of the same equation: "It's like putting a watermelon in a Coke bottle.") Bahler's familiar with the vocal ranges of most of the artists, but twenty-four albums have just been purchased for him so he can check the limits of the others—tonight's homework. The goal here is to match each solo line with the voice for which it was made.

Mike Melvoin records a counterpoint line, and "Lily" adds a unison violin line to give the chorus something to snuggle up to. Humberto excitedly tells Q, "It's gonna be big! *Big!*" Q leans back from the board in his swivel chair. Boddicker points out that he can make it even better. Quincy, mindful of Monday night, says, "Let's not get hypnotized by painting or we'll just paint ourselves into a corner."

At the end of the session, Bahler asks Q whether Tina Turner could sing a low E. They spend the next five minutes discussing the physical properties of that note, which all agree is a tricky one. Bahler points out that Tina begins her recent and now famous hit, "What's Love Got to Do with It?" with a G sharp. This will be a record in search of perfection.

January 26 A final choreography session at Lionel's house Saturday evening. All the principals, except Jackson, attend. Decisions are made as to where each artist will stand for the chorus and for the solos. Decisions are made as to what order the work will be done in, and how the video shoot and the poster and album-cover photography will be accommodated. Each singer's name is put on a little card and arranged and rearranged among the others until the right mix is found. Let's see, Willie goes over here, and Bruce over there, Diana like so, and . . .

January 27 No one can quite fathom why Ken Kragen, Quincy Jones, and Harry Belafonte have gotten themselves on a live satellite broadcast to Australia on the night before the night they will surely be up all night. But there is a telethon in Australia to raise money for famine relief efforts, and the three Americans join Olivia Newton-John (who's talking about an Australian Band Aid project) and Bob Geldof (jet-lagged, just in from Ethiopia to rally the American troops) in asking Australians to give generously. While Geldof describes the horrors of the relief camps in a hospitality room burdened by an impossibly large spread of food at its center, Quincy is on the monitor in the corner, appealing to the Australian viewers. "My wife always tells me, 'Well, you made a great record, but it's only a record. It's not a cure for cancer.' Now this is really a serious time, a serious time for us to commit ourselves—to get ourselves out of the 'I, Me, Mine' and get into 'We, Us, Togetherness.'"

Quincy Jones's letter to the artists. The name of the studio was blacked out to preserve secrecy. The artists were only told the day of the recording session where to assemble.

QUINCY JONES PRODUCTIONS™

January 23, 1985

My Fellow Artists,

We are so happy that you have consented to contribute your talent for this worthwhile endeavor, the recording of "We Are The World", written by Michael Jackson and Lionel Richie. How special is this project? In all the years that I have worked in this business, I have never seen anything like this. So many kinds of contributions are being given for such a life or death result. It is gratifying to be able to say that the entertainment industry is deeply involved in aiding the poor of the world. Enclosed is the tape of the song and it is perfect for this cause.

Distribution of the various solo parts have not been decided as yet. The solo and ensemble parts will all be decided based on the main objective in the making of this record so that it has the widest appeal. I am most impressed and moved by the unanimous spirit of all of you which has been to accept this project with the pride and spirit of checking your ego at the door. It is so nice to have an occasion where we can unite as one. It is this spirit that will make this project a total success.

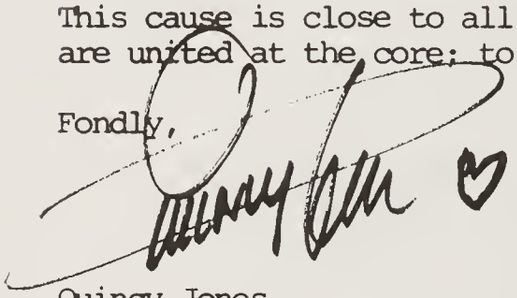
Please familiarize yourself with the music and lyrics because we have lots of work to do on January 28th. Please arrive promptly at 10:00 pm [redacted] The cassettes are numbered and I can't express how important it is not to let this material out of your hands. Please do not make copies and return this cassette the night of the 28th. We know how easy it is for a tape to get into a DJ's hands. This tape was purposely made in a rough demo form to discourage it being used inappropriately.

Ken Kragen and his organization have been the backbone on this project. They have worked around the clock to insure that every aspect of this project is coordinated properly. Should you need any assistance, please do not hesitate to contact Laurel at Ken Kragen's office (213) 555-1234 or Madeline Randolph at Quincy Jones Productions (213) 555-6789.

I am honored to be associated with all of you. In my 35 years, every name on this list has a special place in my heart as a creator and a human being. This is the 'A-team'. Thank you for giving so much of yourself. All of us appreciate your sacrifice and we will do everything in our power to make this an unforgettable and golden memory. In the years to come, when your children ask, "what did mommy and daddy do for the war against world famine?", you can proudly say this was your contribution.

This cause is close to all of our hearts and our collected contributions are united at the core: to help feed the hungry of the world.

Fondly,



Quincy Jones

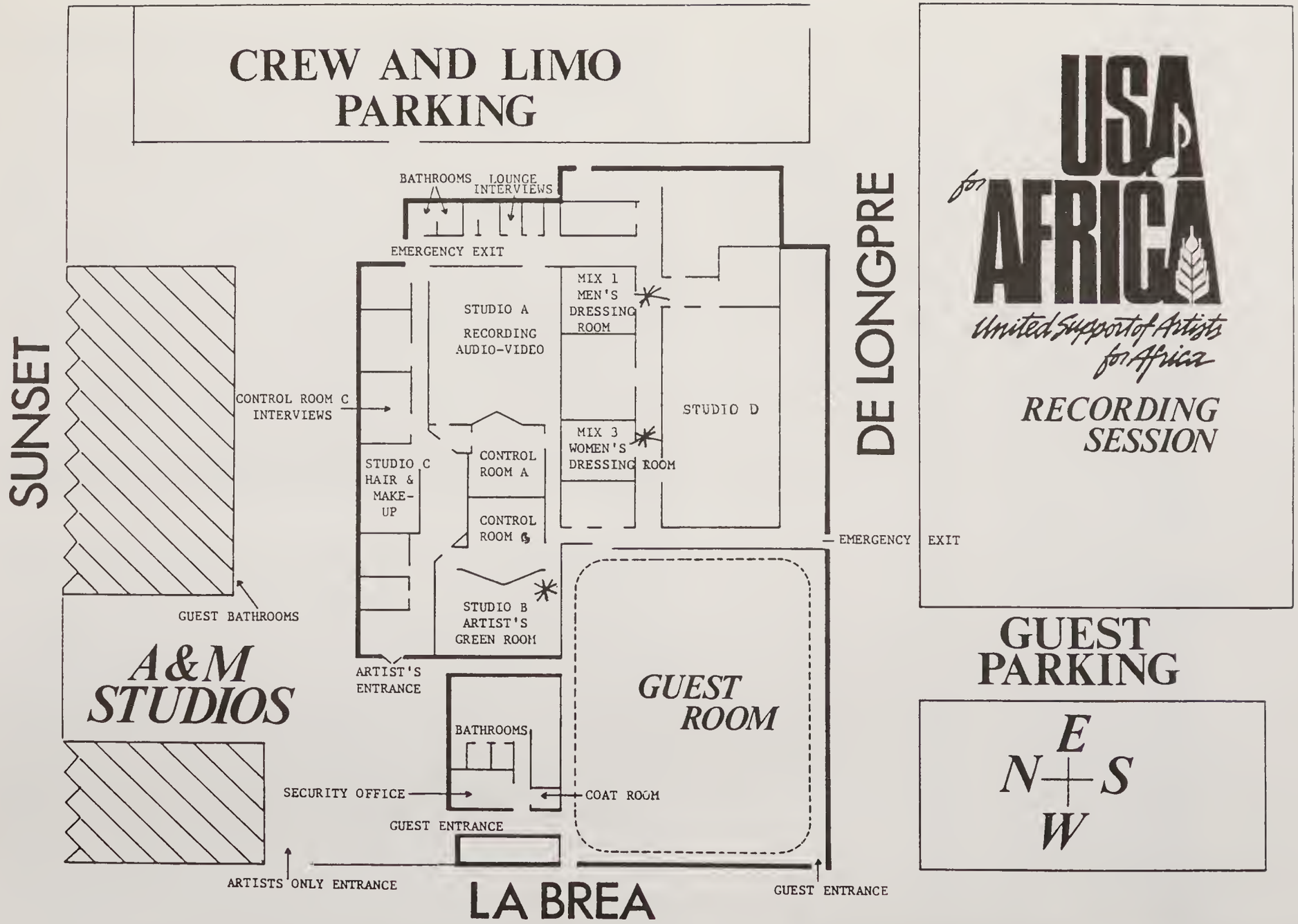
P.S. I will break my buns to make this the most enjoyable experience you ever had.

Woodstock in the Studio

January 28: 8:00 P.M. After an all-day deluge, the night turns cool and dry. As the crowd spills out of the American Music Awards at the Shrine Auditorium in downtown Los Angeles, last-second preparations are underway at the A & M Studio complex off Sunset Boulevard. Humberto Gatica is in a cold sweat in Control Room A because some technical problems have cropped up with his 32-track Mitsubishi digital tape recorder. He'll need both that and a 24-track Studer analog machine to capture all the voices tonight. He's working feverishly. But everything else is ready: seven microphones on booms to capture the chorus (two near, three far, and two in-between) have been placed and secured, five special amplifiers for the solo mikes are up and humming. Studio B has been turned into an artists' lounge; a jolly group in Studio C await makeup and hair detail; Mix 1 and Mix 3 will be dressing rooms for Boy and Girl artists.

Thirty security guards ring the perimeter of the complex and police the corridors. Some have their hands full already, defending the front gate. A local NBC camera crew has been camped there since 6:00. A leak from a good source, they say. They've been joined by a curious though hardly dangerous group of maybe a dozen neighborhood residents and "fans" clutching Instamatics and praying that the first limos to arrive do not sport smoked-black "privacy" glass, which is big on the celebrity circuit these days. Ron Oberman, Vice-President of A & R for CBS Records, patrols an empty parking lot, readying for his assignment: volunteer parking-lot attendant to the stars.

The sound stage is where friends, managers, main squeezes, bodyguards, husbands and wives, and non-recording stars will be led. Each artist is allotted five guests, but the list keeps growing, as such lists will, and will be transformed into a crowd of five hundred that includes Jane Fonda, Dyan Cannon, Shari Belafonte, Booker T. Jones, Lynn Swann, Penny Marshall, Ali McGraw, Jane Seymour, Dick Clark, Jesse Colter, Rockwell, Lola Falana, Jack Wagner, and Sidney Poitier. Last night the floor was painted jet black, and tonight the normal home of *Soul Train* and countless pop-video tapings features couches, rugs, more than twenty-five tables with seatings of eight, two bars serving wine and beer, three catering stations laden with mountains of food, 125 folding chairs strategically placed before five video monitors and two huge movie screens, kentia palms and ficus benjamina plus two dozen flowering plants (azaleas and cyclamen), nine video games, and a pool table for those who get bored. The feast, donated by a local caterer, Someone's in the Kitchen, includes of several kinds of pasta salad, tortellini, lasagna, baron of beef, potato skins, parmesan chicken, fruit, 1200 pounds of ice, twin twelve-foot dessert buffets, and breakfast at 3:00 A.M. for those who hold out that long.



Artist Only *

Floor plan of the studio. Artists for the historic recording assembled in Studio A. A gathering was going on simultaneously in the Guest Room (the Chaplin Soundstage), where friends of the artists and supporters of USA for Africa could view the recording session on video monitors.

Guests of the artists viewing the recording session on a video monitor. *Photo by Richard Bomersheim.*

Brenda Richie and Peggy Lipton. *Photo by Richard Bomersheim.*

Jane Fonda and Connie Nelson. *Photo by Richard Bomersheim.*

Julie Belafonte, Sidney Poitier and friend, actress Lola Falana, and designer Bill Whitten. *Photo by Richard Bomersheim.*

Actress Dyan Cannon. *Photo by Richard Bomersheim.*

Brenda and Lionel Richie. *Photo by Richard Bomersheim.*

Mickey Raphael (harmonica player for Willie Nelson) and Ali McGraw. *Photo by Richard Bomersheim.*

Christie Brinkley helps out by distributing sweatshirts. *Photo by Richard Bomersheim.*

Dick and Kari Clark. *Photo by Richard Bomersheim.*

9:00 P.M. "God is *with* us," cries Quincy Jones on being told Michael Jackson has pulled into the heavily guarded parking lot, the second artist to arrive, after Steve Perry of Journey. Humberto looks like he's just been poked with a cattle prod. The digital recorder is not yet ready. "Look guys," he shouts to his assistants, "We got to get the machine *quick*, Michael's here. Analog city, guys!"

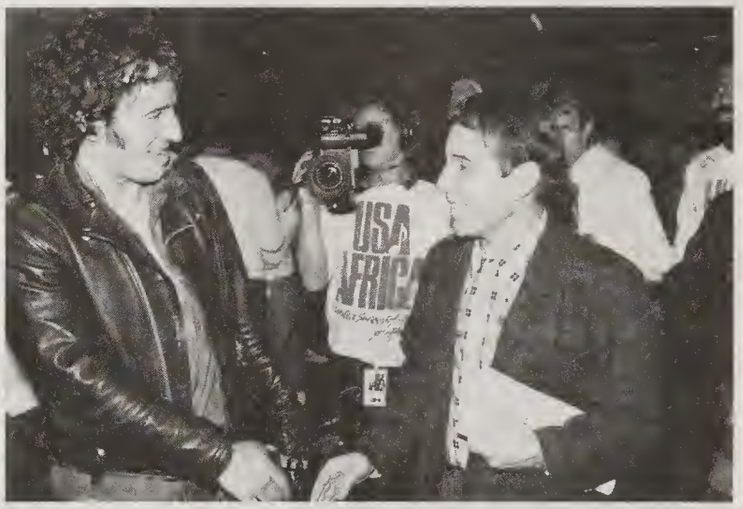
Michael is preceded out of his white stretch limo by his bodyguard and by his manager, Frank DiLeo, who in turn is preceded by his cigar. Michael has come early to record a vocal chorus by himself, another "guide" for the rest of the choir. Michael arrives in the control room. "How you doing, Smelly?" calls Quincy. Q is bubbling, "This will be a space-age Woodstock, a technological Woodstock!" Michael walks into the studio and begins singing, sunglassed and solitary, thumbs in his jeans' front pockets. Steve Perry walks into the control room, peers through the glass at Michael. He asks, "Am I dreaming? Am I on drugs, or what?"

Arriving soon are James Ingram, Anita and Ruth Pointer, and Bob Geldof with his wife Paula. Geldof strolls out of the soundstage gathering, where the screens are showing a broadcast of tonight's Awards—currently Sheila E. is strutting about the stage in full-length fur-coat. Walking through the parking lot, he glances at the bristling security and pronounces, "I've never recorded in Stalag 5 before!" Just a few days out of Ethiopia, Geldof finds the whole scene both attractive and repulsive. He's spoken to Kragen a number of times these past weeks, offering his advice and encouragement. But the glamorous life of Hollywood—the diamonds and furs—proves a bit hard to stomach when he encounters it face-to-face. "I've never seen more millionaires in one room," he repeats a number of times tonight.

As Michael stands alone in the center of the studio, stacking (repeating) choruses, the socializing has begun in the control room. Q asks everyone to hold it down. He calls to Michael over the intercom, "Stackarooni? Sounds great, Smelly! We have to do six. Step back from the mike on the next two stacks." Bob Giraldi, director of the "Beat It" video, the Jacksons' Pepsi ad, and many others, arrives in his white limo and is met in the lot by Kragen. Giraldi's here to watch, not to work. Jeffrey Osborne arrives, hot on the heels of Waylon Jennings. By 9:30, LaToya Jackson shows up, as do Billy Joel, June Pointer, and Bruce Springsteen. Springsteen dispenses with the limo ritual by renting a car at the airport (after a Sunday-night concert, he flew all day from Syracuse to get here), driving to the studio, parking across the street, and walking through the gate, no bodyguard, no retinue.

By 10:00, the official starting time, Dan Aykroyd, Dionne Warwick, Paul Simon, Bette Midler, Diana Ross, Ray Charles, Lindsey Buckingham, Kim Carnes, Sheila

Willie Nelson and Michael Jackson. ***Photo by Sam Emerson.***



Bruce Springsteen and Paul Simon. ***Photo by Henry Diltz.***

Penny Marshall, John Oates, and Daryl Hall. ***Photo by Henry Diltz.***

Cyndi Lauper and Sheila E. ***Photo by Sam Emerson.***

E., Al Jarreau, Stevie Wonder, and Huey Lewis and the News are on site. Kenny Rogers pulls up in his Dodge van, and Willie Nelson attempts busting into the cramped lot of fifty limos in his tour bus. His driver, Pearly Gates, is told to move that "thing" back on the road again and swing it into the back lot. He obliges.

Meanwhile, back in Studio A Michael continues cutting his "guide" chorus. One by one, artists filter into the control room. The Pointers sit on a row of chairs in front of the board, waving at Michael and singing along. He notices them and waves back. Bob Dylan enters, seeming shy, awed, and uncomfortable and sits down in the seat closest to the door. Billy Joel comes in, wearing a leather jacket and a beard and a case of the flu. When Ray Charles comes through the door, Joel is amazed. "That's like the Statue of Liberty walking in." Quincy raps with Ray awhile—they were boyhood friends in Seattle, Ray called Q "66" and Q called Ray "69"—and then Q introduces Joel. "Ray, this is the guy who wrote 'New York State of Mind.'" Joel is trembling, meeting his hero.

James Ingram walks in. Jeffrey Osborne walks into the studio. Bruce Springsteen enters the control room, where he's smothered in giggles and hugs by The Pointer Sisters. (He once gave them a hit song, "Fire.") Bruce hugs Dylan. Dylan hugs Joel. Joel hugs Quincy, who worked with him on a Donna Summer album, whispering, "The song's nice too." Everyone looks like himself, but Springsteen somehow *more so:* blue shirt hanging out of black jeans, open black leather jacket, black high-top boots with green-canvas trim and laces cinched four eyelets from the top, black leather fingerless gloves, which he won't take off all night, a face of five-o'clock shadow. They all sit in front of the board, watching Michael. Bob Geldof sits down next to Dylan and talks to him, a young Angry Young Man to an old Angry Young Man.

After a take Michael slides back into the control room, where he bumps into Osborne and tells him, "You are so incredible." At this point, Diana Ross makes a grand entrance, screaming, "I love this song!" Hugs are administered. From a dramatic, dipping hug with Quincy (Q hugs everyone; the man is a hugging *machine*), Diana jumps onto "Bobby" Dylan's lap for a few minutes. "I like that!" she gushes. Q comes over to Dylan, perhaps to make him feel more at home, and says, "Man, we got a line for you in there! Just before the modulation." He sings the line and finishes, "Just do your thing, man. That's something nobody can do better than you." "Oh, thank

Jeffrey Osborne, Stevie Wonder, and Quincy Jones. ***Photo by Sam Emerson.***

Bette Midler and Bob Dylan. ***Photo by Sam Emerson.***

Michael Jackson and Billy Joel. ***Photo by Sam Emerson.***

you," Dylan manages. Diana jumps up from his lap after a playback of Michael's chorus, claiming, "I can sing *all* the parts!" She's wild-eyed, bursting with energy.

Soon Diana's calling "Hi!" to Dionne Warwick. "Whose voice is that?" Dionne bluffs, knowing full well. Diana and Dionne talk some girl talk. "Boy, you smell so good," says Diana. "What is that?" Dionne is just in from Las Vegas, where Steve Wynn of the Golden Nugget (the guy you see in those cozy "towel" commercials with Sinatra) was nice enough to give her the night off. She'll take up the slack for a flu-ridden Linda Ronstadt, whose doctor wouldn't let her fly. Thrilled to be here, she says, "When I heard about Band Aid, I immediately ordered a thousand copies of the single and sent them out as Christmas cards. And when Quincy called me last night and said, 'I *know* you're gonna be here,' I said, 'Yes, sir!'"

Kenny Rogers comes through the door, asking James Ingram if they should be wearing their "USA for Africa" sweatshirts. Stevie Wonder is led in, trailing a beautiful tangle of braids, which Diana comes over to stroke. Paul Simon sneaks in and meekly inquires, like any late arrival at any party, "Is there somewhere I can put my coat?" In a few minutes, the small control room is in the throes of perhaps the world's first documented case of starlock: no one can move in any direction. It's hot and happy and chaotic, a din of famous voices, but no work is getting done. Quincy yells, "Let's move this into the studio, *please*."

10:30 P.M. As the artists filter into the high-ceilinged, parquet-floored studio, they find that each one's name is on a piece of silver gaffer's tape on the risers from which the chorus will sing. Certain names are also arranged in a semicircle around the center of the room, and some artists are already trying to figure out what this means. All of them are wandering around looking for their spot. The last time they did something like this, they were probably in fifth grade in a year-end assembly sing for their parents.

Dan Aykroyd, here representing the film industry and one half of the infamous Blues Brothers, bumps into Smokey Robinson and shakes his hand. "A big, big moment in my life," gloats Dan. One of Quincy's assistants, Mark Ross, sees Smokey, and says to his other assistant, Steve Ray, "Hey, Smokey's here! I don't have Smokey on the list." Neither of them is about to go over and tap Smokey on the shoulder and ask him to please explain this gross irregularity or leave the premises at once; the man is an *institution*.

Ross is racing around, trying to put out the next fire. "And we're ready for the chorus, and Willie is still in his truck with Ray. Hey, someone bring them in *quick*."

"Someone" runs out to fetch Willie Nelson and Ray Charles, who are sharing a private moment in the bus. (They're also sharing a spot on the country charts with

their duet, "Seven Spanish Angels.") Late arrivals Daryl Hall and John Oates walk in and find their spots. Cyndi Lauper, a Betty Boop, street-urchin, fashion-tramp with canary and tomato-soup hair, scampers in behind them. When Lionel Richie rushes in, almost all the artists are in their places. Springsteen tells him. "I'm ready." Ken Kragen welcomes him. "Your timing is perfect. You're gonna have the time of your life. Smokey's here too!" Lionel just finished having the time of his life—not only did he host the American Music Awards—dancing, singing, reading cue cards—but he won six himself. Lionel's wearing a shimmering gold jacket with matching slacks and an iridescent purple shirt. His own reflection is probably the only thing keeping him conscious right now. He's on automatic pilot until he can catch his breath. Bette Midler comes up to greet him.

BETTE: "You were great on the awards."

LIONEL: "You look great!"

BETTE: "Marriage does that to a girl . . ."

LIONEL: "Whoooooo! Don't start, I'll tell you all about it."

Ken Kragen steps onto Quincy's podium in front of the risers and grabs everyone's attention. He tells the assembled artists, "We want to thank all of you for coming. Some of you made sacrifices to get here. Quincy will run down the order of things, but first I'd like you to meet Bob Geldof, who is really the inspiration for this whole thing. This is the man who put Band Aid together. [Much applause] And he just came back from Ethiopia, and he'd like to talk to you."

Geldof steps onto Quincy's podium to address the group, some of whom he tried to recruit (unsuccessfully) for Band Aid. He speaks with fire in his voice:

"Well, maybe to put you in the mood of the song you're about to sing, which hopefully will save millions of lives, I think it's best to remember that the price of a life this year is a piece of plastic seven inches wide with a hole in the middle. And that, I think, is an indictment of us. And I think what's happening in Africa is a crime of historic proportions.

"And the crime is that the Western world has billions of tons of grain bursting in its silos, and we're not releasing it to people who are dying of hunger. And I don't know if we in particular can conceive of *nothing,* but nothing is not having a cardboard box to sleep under in minus ten degrees; nothing is not having any drink to get drunk on; not having water. Nothing is seeing a child squatting in its own diarrhea, and having nothing left to shit except its own stomach.

"And after a while you see so much of that that you become inured to it. And you walk into one of the corrugated iron huts and you see meningitis and malaria and typhoid buzzing about the air. And you see

Lionel Richie and Cyndi Lauper. In the background, Tina Turner. ***Photo by Sam Emerson.***

Ray "69" Charles and Quincy "66" Jones. *Photo by Henry Diltz.*

dead bodies side by side with the live ones. And on a *good* day you might only see 120 people die slowly in front of you.

"In some of the camps you see fifteen bags of flour for 27,500 people. And it's that that we're here for. And when the history of this crime is being written up, I want to be one of the ones who can say: Not Guilty. And I assume that's why we're all here tonight. I don't want to bring anybody down, but maybe it's the best way of making what you really feel, and why you're really here tonight, come out through this song. So thanks a lot everybody, and let's hope that it works."

The artists have been riveted by Geldof. When they stop applauding, Ken Kragen explains to them how the money will be spent (35 percent for immediate relief, 35 percent for continuing development, 20 percent for long-term, self-reliant development, and 10 percent to the hungry and homeless of America). Kragen provides them with some details of the concerns of the foundation: they want to cut through red tape, keep overhead below 5 percent. "We'll get a plane and fly the food and medicine over there ourselves," if it comes to that, he tells them.

There is a discussion about what more the artists can do for the cause. He tells them that they will put together an album of "unreleased superstar tracks" to release behind the single. Kragen already has eight or ten commitments from artists he's spoken to and is hoping to make it a double album. He tells them that if they sell ten to fifteen million copies of a double album at fifteen to eighteen dollars apiece, it "puts us on the level of a small country, makes us as significant a private enterprise for good as there's ever been. So I urge you to consider a track. We must have it in February. Particularly those of you—you know who you are—whose sales are so significant a part of this."

"Stevie said he had two tracks . . .," Quincy interjects. The artists roar with laughter: Stevie has an industry-wide reputation for being very, very slow to release material.

After Kragen relates the specifics, he switches gears: "I'll tell you something else. You've all worked a long time to be as successful as you are. You have incredible power, and banded together this way, it increases logarithmically. Your making this commitment has *power*. And what's going to come from this night is a lot more than just money. It's a commitment and the ability to move people. To show the way. To stay on the case. You create a power where we can go forward and inspire people. What we're doing is far more significant than just a song, or raising money. We're making a statement."

"How much is this whole production costing?" Cyndi Lauper asks.

Kragen answers, "We haven't spent one penny on this. We had an estimated budget of $200,000 but we've had over a million donated in goods and services. No one's gonna make any money on this."

Stevie suggests, "This is going to be part of the cure. I recommend that we make this part of an ongoing thing, like every two or three or five years." Geldof indicates that he has an "ongoing thing" presently in the works. "What I'm working on right now," he teases, "is Wembley Stadium [in London] and Shea Stadium [in New York] on the same day in July—for free. Lights, staffs, everything. I'd like to telecast the world's biggest concert. Think about it. It would be brilliant."

Geldof has been thinking on a global scale. He announces that there are German, Australian, and Canadian versions of Band Aid in the works. He turns

Diana Ross, Bob Dylan, and Quincy Jones. *Photo by Sam Emerson.*

James Ingram, Tina Turner, Billy Joel, and Diana Ross. *Photo by Sam Emerson.*

Lindsey Buckingham and Kim Carnes. *Photo by Sam Emerson.*

Dionne Warwick, Quincy Jones, Stevie Wonder, and Jeffrey Osborne. *Photo by Sam Emerson.*

his attention to America. "If this one country—the most powerful, the healthiest, the richest, the strongest country the world has ever seen—is seen to reach out a hand to the very poorest, and say, 'Let me help you up,' and if it's seen without any government interference, then that message is worth fifty times whatever you generate tonight."

Kenny Rogers, standing in the third row of the chorus, has something to add. On every stop of his most recent tour, he's led a coordinated effort with the local food bank. He explains to his peers, "One thing I've found is that in the concert situation, if you ask people to contribute a can of food—and we've raised two million pounds of food this year—then when you start your show there's a different attitude in the audience. The audience is part of something other than just a professional exchange. And that's something you might pursue on your own."

Sensing that it's time to stop talking and start singing, Kragen leaves the chorus with these rather uncorporate words, "So . . . let's kick this thing in the butt!" It's as if the school bell rang for recess. All the artists are screaming and shaking hands and rubbing elbows, kissing, and signing autographs. Everyone who was expected is here—except Prince, who never formally committed to the project. Eddie Murphy is tied up in Europe and could not break away. David Byrne of Talking Heads, David Lee Roth of Van Halen, and James Brown of his own bad self were desired guests, but could not be directly reached. (Byrne would have been the new-wave representative, Roth the heavy-metal ambassador.) But late additions help pick up the slack: The Pointer Sisters, Al Jarreau, Jeffrey Osborne, Dionne Warwick, and Smokey Robinson all slip in under the wire. All folks known as *voices*.

Quincy struggles to regain control of the group. "Hold it, hold it, hold it." He runs through the recording agenda, "We have to do some stacking and I know how much you love that, so we want to get that out of the way now. We'll sing with Michael's guide on the chorus. Everything we do in the room will be unison, so we don't have to struggle with harmony. Sing up with Michael on this. Anyone who can't sing up that high, just lay out on this one. I don't want octaves, 'cause we'll do low octaves later. Okay, let's start chopping wood." As Michael's guide chorus fills their headphones, they begin rehearsing. Many of the men, who can't sing that high, stand silently and listen, but no one leaves. Geldof whips out his pocket camera and starts taking pictures, until Q and Kragen tell him to join the chorus. He's thrilled.

In the natural breaks of the line, Q cheerleads and directs the forty-five voices: "Excuse me! . . . All right! . . . No octaves! . . . Let's put it on tape! . . . Sounds incredible! . . . No octaves!!! . . . Take it to church." He conducts from the podium, smiling, frowning, beaming, joking, scratching a note on his music. Diana joins hands with Stevie and Michael, Smokey puts his arm on Ray Charles's shoulder, Geldof and Belafonte sway together in the back row.

Smokey Robinson and Kim Carnes. ***Photo by Sam Emerson.***

On a pause between takes, Tom Bahler calls to the chorus from the control room, "If everybody could groove from their knees instead of their feet, because we're getting an awful lot of feet pounding on those risers. One more time." Slipping into the control room and taking a seat behind Bahler is Garry Trudeau, creator of *Doonesbury*. Soon he's scribbling notes into a small spiral notebook, preparing for a two-week-long strip on this event, which will bring *Doonesbury* rock star Jimmy Thudpucker out of retirement. Billy Joel steps off his spot on the riser between Tina Turner and Cyndi Lauper, and walks over to the piano. He hammers out the chords to the third part of the chorus with his right hand, as if he were teaching a bunch of schoolkids "The Streets of Laredo." He returns to his

Michael Jackson, Christie Brinkley, Bob Dylan, and Billy Joel. ***Photo by Sam Emerson.***

spot between the two average suburban housewives. Tina is in striped blue pants tucked into cowboy boots, brown blazer, maroon scarf, fire-engine-red lipstick, Mixmaster hair. When she sings, she closes her eyes, throws back her head, rocks back and forth. Two years ago she was playing Holiday Inns. Today she is on the top of the planet. The other artists are overjoyed for her.

12:00 A.M. After a number of takes, a break is called. Billy Joel hustles over to the guest party, finds fiancée Christie Brinkley in the crowd. He manages to squeeze her past the guards and into the studio, introducing her to Dylan and Paul Simon. Christie looks starstruck. By the time she leaves the room, though, she's talking about mobilizing the fashion industry for a similar effort.

Michael Jackson moves from the rear of the studio, where he's been keeping a low profile, and approaches Willie Nelson. "Are you the one with the little baby deer? I saw your picture in *Life* magazine," Michael whispers to Willie, adding, "My mother listens to you all the time—and so do I." Willie responds, "My two teenage girls are just dying now to be in here. They love you." Michael whispers, "Oh, I'm so embarrassed," and he is. They sit together on the risers and chat for a few minutes. Lionel and Willie then spend a little time admiring each other's work: for Lionel, it's Willie's voice; for Willie, it's Lionel's songwriting.

Stevie Wonder calls over to Ray Charles, "Ray, I want to show you something." He guides Ray's fingers over his Kurzweil reading machine. Soon, Ray's offering a down-home piano interpretation of the chorus they've all been singing, as he improvises off the playback that's now filling the studio monitors. Willie Nelson stands by his shoulder, listening. Cyndi Lauper talks with Springsteen and Warwick, and then meets Steve Perry for the first time. Perry jokes with her about how her "Time After Time" crowded his "Oh Sherrie" out of first place on the singles chart last summer.

Cyndi begins talking about how she feels tonight: "I'm a little blown away. Can you believe you're sitting in a room with Ray Charles playing the piano? I mean, just start off with *that*." (Charles ranks as the favorite among the other artists, as far as whom they are most excited about singing with. Springsteen ranks

Willie Nelson and Bruce Springsteen. *Photo by Henry Diltz.*

Kenny Loggins, Steve Perry, and Daryl Hall. *Photo by Sam Emerson.*

Bruce Springsteen and Kim Carnes. *Photo by Henry Diltz.*

Harry Belafonte and Bruce Springsteen. *Photo by Henry Diltz.*

Cyndi Lauper and Bruce Springsteen. *Photo by Sam Emerson.*

Tina Turner, Bruce Springsteen, and Cyndi Lauper. *Photo by Sam Emerson.*

Doonesbury

BY GARRY TRUDEAU

JIMMY! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
HOW'S IT GOING, STEVE?
3-4
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, MAN? I THOUGHT YOU'D RETIRED!
WELL, I HAD. BUT I GOT TALKED INTO THAT ALL-STAR "USA FOR AFRICA" RECORD.
YOU DID THAT GIG? MAN, SEEMS LIKE EVERY OLD ROCKER IN AMERICA SHOWED UP FOR THAT SESSION!
YEAH. SOME OF THE NEW ONES, TOO.
HEY, GRAMPS! YOU LOOK FAMILIAR!
UH.. THANKS.
"IT STARTED WITH A CALL FROM THE PRODUCER."
.. AND WE'D LIKE YOU TO BE ON THE RECORD, JIM.
3-5
USA FOR AFRICA? GEE, I DON'T KNOW, QUINCY. I'M STILL SORT OF RETIRED. WHO ALL ARE YOU ASKING?
WELL, SO FAR WE'VE GOT LIONEL RICHIE, BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, BOB DYLAN..
..MICHAEL JACKSON, RAY CHARLES, STEVIE WONDER, BETTE MIDLER, DIANA ROSS, BILLY JOEL, PAUL SIMON, KENNY ROGERS, WILLIE NELSON, TINA TURNER, SMOKEY ROBINSON AND DIONNE WARWICK.
WHO ELSE?
YOU'RE TOUGH, MY FRIEND.
HEY.. THE MAN'S HERE!
SORRY I'M LATE, QUINCY. I HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH SECURITY.
3-6
I'VE BEEN RETIRED FOR SO LONG THAT NO ONE AT THE DOOR RECOGNIZED ME.
THAT'S THE MUSIC BUSINESS, MAN. EVERYTHING CHANGES FAST. THE ROCK'N'ROLL SCENE IS COMPLETELY DIFFERENT FROM WHEN YOU WERE AROUND.
FOR INSTANCE, YOU NEED A HAIRCUT NOW.
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE. I CALLED AHEAD ABOUT THAT.
GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT IN, JIM.
ARE YOU KIDDING? I WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED THIS FOR ANYTHING, QUINCY!
3-7
CAN YOU BELIEVE WE GOT ALL THESE PEOPLE IN THE SAME ROOM? DYLAN, BILLY JOEL, RAY CHARLES, CYNDI LAUPER..
..BETTE MIDLER, MICHAEL JACKSON..
HEY.. IT'S BRUCE! BRUCE IS HERE!
WELL, OF COURSE, MAN. WE COULDN'T DO THIS WITHOUT "THE BOSS"!
NO, NO, BRUCE FELDBERG, THE COFFEE BOY! MAN, IT'S BEEN AGES!

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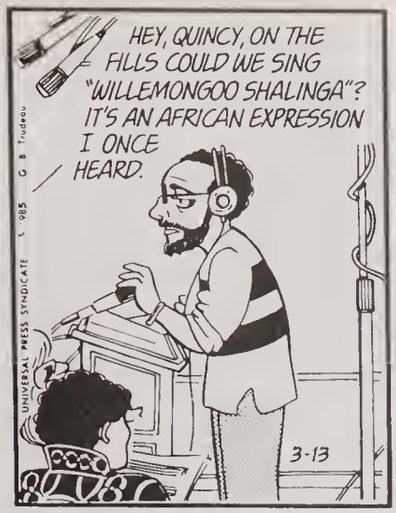
..AND CONSERVATIVELY SPEAKING, WE THINK THIS PROJECT COULD RAISE CLOSE TO $200 MILLION!
WHY ARE WE DOING IT? WE'RE DOING IT FOR ONE REASON ONLY. WE WANT TO SHOW THE WORLD WE CARE ABOUT HUNGER IN AFRICA!
AMEN! WE'RE THE ONES! YES! LET'S DO IT!
WHO'S "HUNGER IN AFRICA"? I THINK IT'S AN AUSTRALIAN BAND.
GB Trudeau
3-8
ALL RIGHT, THAT'S IT FOR THE LEVELS. EVERYBODY GOT CANS? BEAUTIFUL.
OKAY, WE HAVE TO DO SOME STACKING ON THE CHORUS, SO THE FIRST PASS IS IN UNISON. I'LL WARN YOU WHEN THE MODULATION COMES UP.
QUINCY? YO.
I MISS MY ENTOURAGE, MAN. STAY COOL, BABE. THIS WON'T TAKE LONG.
3-9
KEN? WE CAN'T START, MAN. NOT EVERYONE'S HERE.
YES, THEY ARE, Q. WE'VE JUST GOT A BOTTLENECK AT THE STUDIO DOOR.
HOW COME? I'M AFRAID IT'S BECAUSE OF YOUR POLICY THAT THE STARS CHECK THEIR EGOS.
EGO? WHAT EGO? I'M SORRY, MISS ROSS, THOSE ARE THE RULES. I'M GOING TO NEED A RECEIPT, MAN.
TIPPING PERMITT
3-11
"WE ARE THE WORLD.. WE ARE THE CHILDREN! WE ARE THE ONES.."
"..WHO MAKE A BRIGHTER DAY SO LET'S START GIVING! THERE'S A CHOICE WE'RE MAKING.."
"WE'RE SAVING OUR OWN LIVES.. IT'S TRUE WE MAKE A BETTER DAY, JUST YOU AND ME!"
"WE ARE THE.." QUINCY, WOULDN'T "YOU AND I" BE MORE GRAMMATICAL? JIMMY!
3-12


HEY, QUINCY, ON THE FILLS COULD WE SING "WILLEMONGOO SHALINGA"? IT'S AN AFRICAN EXPRESSION I ONCE HEARD.
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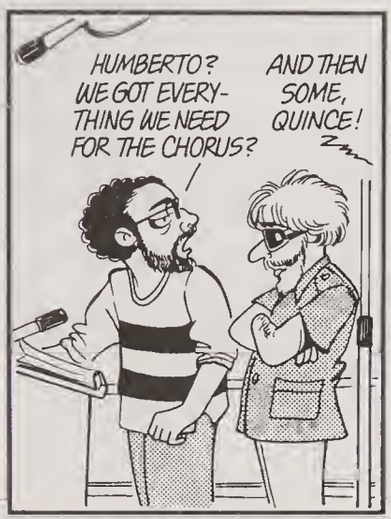
3-13

UH.. SURE, STEVIE. IF IT'S OKAY WITH THE ETHIOPIAN OBSERVER.

EXCUSE ME! WOULD IT IN ANY WAY BE OFFENSIVE TO ETHIOPIANS TO SING "WILLEMONGOO SHALINGA"?
NO. NOT AT ALL.

OKAY, IT'S IN. HERE WE GO..
IT'S NOT A VERY NICE THING TO SAY ABOUT YOUR OWN SISTER, THOUGH.
GB Trudeau

"JUST YOU AND MEEE!
BEAUTIFUL!
UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE © 1985 G B Trudeau
3-14


HUMBERTO? WE GOT EVERYTHING WE NEED FOR THE CHORUS?
AND THEN SOME, QUINCE!

THEY'RE ALL YOURS, MAN.
THANKS, BABE.

OKAY, PEOPLE, TIME TO DO THE VIDEO! LADIES, INTO YOUR WET SUITS, PLEASE!
GB Trudeau

OKAY, JIMMY, COMING UP ON YOUR SOLO..
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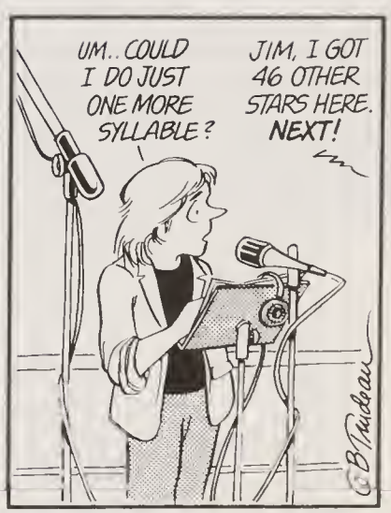
3-15

"THE!"

BEAUTIFUL. NAILED IT. THANKS, JIMMY.


UM.. COULD I DO JUST ONE MORE SYLLABLE?
JIM, I GOT 46 OTHER STARS HERE. NEXT!
GB Trudeau

QUITE A NIGHT, EH, QUINCE?
I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT. EXCEPT FOR PRINCE NOT SHOWING, IT WENT OFF WITHOUT A HITCH!
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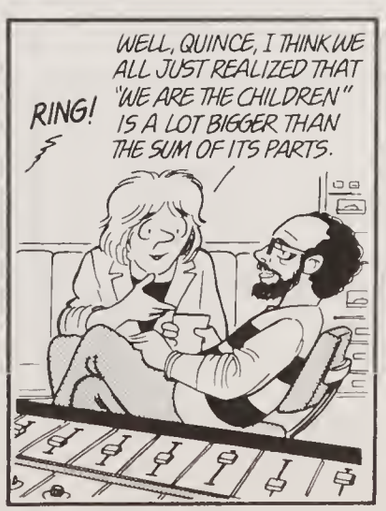
3-16

IN ALL MY YEARS IN THIS BUSINESS, I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH GENEROSITY AND COOPERATION BETWEEN MAJOR ARTISTS!


RING!
WELL, QUINCE, I THINK WE ALL JUST REALIZED THAT "WE ARE THE CHILDREN" IS A LOT BIGGER THAN THE SUM OF ITS PARTS.

IT'S PRINCE. HE SAYS HE'LL DO IT NOW IF YOU CUT OUT MICHAEL JACKSON'S PARTS.
SPEAKING OF CHILDREN..
GB Trudeau

a close second.) Lauper: "It's good to get everybody off their rumps. Because a lot of people have so much and some people have *nothing*. So it makes you think every time you eat something and don't finish it. I struggled. I starved. I was in the hospital twice for malnutrition—once for malnutrition and dehydration. Because I had no food to eat. Just this year I thought about where I came from, and I can't believe it. It's a very real thing, to be hungry. I think how hungry I was, but I would maybe get to eat *something* during the day. If I didn't eat one day, I'd eat the next day. But these people, they ain't eaten for weeks."

When Ray stops playing, everyone applauds, and he disclaims, "Sorry about that!" Ray sits at the piano for a spell, straddling the bench, and talks of his visits to Africa: "I've put my hands on these children, and their skin feels like cellophane on bone. You have to *feel* that man, that's unreal stuff. I ain't talkin' 'bout skin, I'm talkin' 'bout cellophane on bone." Ray resumes his conversation with the piano, a painfully blue version of "Wichita Lineman."

"It's like seeing the Washington Monument walk in the room," says Springsteen of Uncle Ray. "And you're standing there in the chorus and Diana is standing here, Smokey over there, Stevie there and Michael there and Bob Dylan there. It's what I dreamed about as a kid." The breaks in recording give the artists a little room to get a grip on themselves—to find a balance between the overwhelming joy they feel being in each other's company (most are now busy autographing each other's sheet music) and the sadness of knowing thousands will die of starvation even as they sing tonight. Springsteen, who's been involved in the anti-hunger cause for some time, elaborates on the sadness. "Even hunger in the United States is very distant to most people, so it's hard to get them emotionally involved. People see those pictures all the time and they switch the channel or maybe watch it for five minutes. It's a kind of slow realization that there's all this senseless suffering in the world. Either you're tearing something down or building something up. I want to be part of that building process. Holding back the flood a little bit."

1:00 A.M. As the chorus reconvenes, Stevie Wonder suggests that everyone sing a particular line in Swahili. (It's the part Michael and Lionel sang as "sha-lum sha-lingay" on the guide vocal.) Stevie holds up a small ghetto blaster to let everyone hear a tape recording of an African woman giving him the correct pronunciation over the phone. It sounds like "willie-mongo wa-tu-tu" and it means "We are the children, we are the world." No one is thrilled by the lyric, and those trying to sing it with Stevie stimulate only laughter and raised eyebrows from the others. Before long everyone in the room is involved in deciding whether or not to sing in Swahili.

GELDOF: Ethiopians do not speak Swahili.

STEVIE: It's Swahili and also Amharic.

JARREAU: It might be an embarrassment if we're not right.

LAUPER: It's like singing to the English in German.

GELDOF: I think there's no point in singing to the people who are starving. You're singing to the people who've got money to give. If it turns on one person, it may turn off two . . .

QUINCY: That's fantastic, Bob, but what words do we use?

SOMEONE: What are they saying, Stevie? What does it mean?

STEVIE: They're saying, "We are the children, we are the world."

QUINCY: What would you say in English? Playing with a language is dangerous. What do you think, Smelly?

MICHAEL: [sings] Sha-lum, sha-lingay.

QUINCY: Yes, it's already there. Sha-lum, sha-lingay, 'cause that's what we're giving."

Everyone is beginning to get restless. All of a sudden it's hot in the studio. Lauper yells, "Either mix ice cubes or turn the heat down!" Another artist, with the tone of the bored boy in the back of Dad's station wagon during a long trip, asks, "Can we sing *nowwww*?" Another chimes to the melody, "So let's start sing–ing." Michael Jackson sings his favored chorus, and the others begin rehearsing with him. But just when things seem to be going smoothly, there is a hitch:

STEVIE: Doesn't it sound like we're "giving" sha-lingay?

JARREAU: What is sha-lingay?

JAMES INGRAM: [ironically] Hey man, it's spiritual. We're singing in tongues.

QUINCY: It's a phonetical sound, that's all.

STEVIE: How 'bout, "So let's start giving."

Quietly, a far-right coalition has formed among Lauper, Jarreau, and Paul Simon—who favor finding something meaningful to sing in English—while the rest of the group favors the phonetic phrase or just doesn't care, but would rather sing than fight. Jarreau in particular worries that the phonetic "sha-lum" might be *misconstrued* as an African phrase, and what if, good God, it actually did mean something in an African dialect, and something inappropriate.?

JARREAU: Would you consider another possibility? [groans from chorus] [He sings] We are the world, one world, we are the children, our world. . .

LAUPER: That's right, and that's the right concept. Ain't what we doin' tryin' to unite the world?

JARREAU: We can make a meaning, make one.

SOMEONE: Who wrote the song? Lionel. Lionel.

LIONEL: Can we all agree on "sha-lum, sha-lingay," and we should do it, and while we're working on the other part someone can do the research to find out if that's the wrong thing, and if it is the wrong thing, then we can change it at the end . . .

JARREAU: We should not be saying "big booty" if we can help it . . .

The chorus convenes. ***Photo by Henry Diltz.***

LIONEL: Let's just keep moving on.

QUINCY: [pushing gently] Can everyone agree on "one world"?

LAUPER: Yeah! One world!

GELDOF: It can mean nothing at all—what did "Sha-la bop-a-loo-bop sha-lop bam-boom" mean? [recalling Little Richard's famous riff]

INGRAM: [sings] "Up, and oh-we-ay!" [from his Grammy-winning song, "Yah Mo B There."

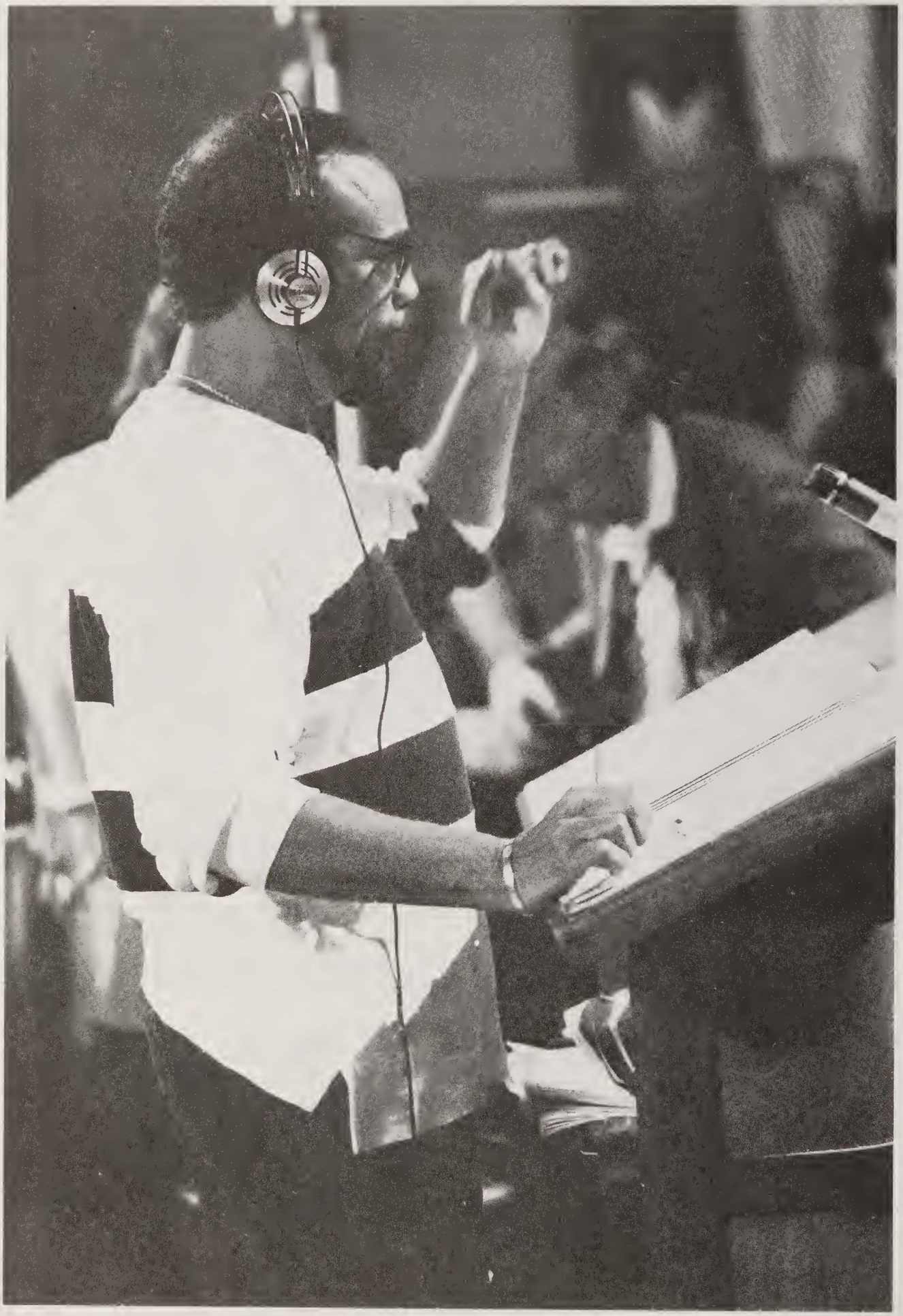
QUINCY: Let's try, "One world, our children, so let's start giving."

JARREAU: [victorious] And the next time around we can say "Sha-lum."

Stevie is a bit bummed, but game. Tina Turner, eyes closed from fatigue, says to no one, "I like 'sha-lum' better, who cares what it means?" But most of the group acquiesce. Ray Charles says, "Okay, but please don't change it 'cause my hearing is getting bad!" Everyone cracks up. "I hear you, 69," affirms Quincy, 66. They begin rehearsing the new part. It sounds beautiful, fitting.

When this part of the chorus is finished, Jarreau and Stevie join forces in leading an impromptu sing-along of "The Banana Boat Song," quite an honor for a blushing Harry Belafonte in the back row. It's not every day you find Michael Jackson singing "Day-O!" Harry points out that the significance of the song on this night is that it is about "a boat that carries food." He wishes, "I'd love to see the first load of food delivered that's a result of this." When he steps back from the group for a moment, he utters a strange thought, "If a bomb hit this place, the business would have a lot of catching up to do."

2:00 A.M. The last bits of the chorus are finished, and now Quincy can joke about having thirty pro-



Quincy gets the chorus down to business. *Photo by Henry Diltz.*

The chorus "takes it to church." ***Photo by Henry Diltz.***

ducers in the room, during the Great Swahili Debate. The artists disperse to primp for the album cover and poster shot, hang out among themselves, or check out the soundstage party, where the guests recently decided to get up on the chairs and tables and sing along with the chorus. Cyndi Lauper bops out of the room. Ray Charles strolls out behind her, claiming he's had no good lovin' since January. (Of course, it *is* January.) Michael Jackson and Paul Simon huddle behind a potted plant to discuss songwriting. At the piano sits Stevie Wonder, noodling.

About Stevie's improvised rhapsody, Bob Dylan and Willie Nelson stand next to the piano, discussing Nashville in the old days. "Nashville's just like Hollywood now," grunts Dylan. Out of the blue, Willie asks Dylan if he plays golf. Dylan seems slightly amused, replies, "No, I've heard you had to study it." Huey Lewis, who's been hovering on the edges of the conversations, takes this opportunity to plunge in with his ode to the links. He enthusiastically tells Mr. Bob Dylan, "There's nothing to do on the road, but there's always a great golf course. In Ohio, there's hundreds of great golf courses. I just start whacking it around. I'm still awful, but it gets to be great fun. We throw a bunch of clubs in the bottom of the bus. You walk. You get outdoors." Dylan, who doesn't seem the outdoors type, follows up sincerely, "It's relaxing?"

HUEY: It's as deep as you like.

WILLIE: You can't think of hardly anything else.

HUEY: [laughing] I heard a story where Willie came out and said the first hole of his golf course was a par 44, and said, "Well, I birdied it yesterday." [laughing harder, Dylan doesn't quite get it]

WILLIE: We play a lot of best ball, scramble.

Photo by Sam Emerson.

Photo by Sam Emerson.

Photo by Sam Emerson.

HUEY: That's great . . .

WILLIE: [explaining to Dylan] Three of us play against another three, and if he hits the best ball, well we go play his ball . . .

DYLAN: It's real noncompetitive then?

WILLIE: It is, and yet in a way it's more competitive, because you got a team against a team, so you really start trying hard. [Mind you, Stevie continues to play romantically behind all this, and across the room Bob Geldof is drawing a map of northeast Africa for Bruce Springsteen on a piece of sheet music, explaining the logistical difficulties of famine relief.]

HANGER-ON: Ah, Willie Nelson on the metaphysics of golf . . .

WILLIE: Golf is my life . . .

HUEY: [to Willie] Have you read *Golf in the Kingdom?*

WILLIE: Yes, I have. What a book.

HUEY: *Wow,* isn't it. "You *are* the ball." It's really true. Some shots man, you can just *see* them. They *happen* for you. And some, in the middle of the swing, you *know* it won't work.

The moral of this golfing tale is that Dylan and Willie exchange private phone numbers and agree to do an album together. They tentatively plan to go to Hawaii during school spring break with the kids and begin working on the material.

3:00 A.M. The picture is taken for the album cover and poster, and it's time for the solos. Lionel and Quincy call the artists over to the piano, where Stevie cycles repeatedly through the melody, and each artist learns the few words to sing alone, as well as the short duets that will serve as transitions between the solo lines. Stevie will harmonize with Lionel, Kenny Rogers with Paul Simon, Tina with Billy Joel, Willie with Dionne, and so on. Cyndi Lauper pulls Quincy away from the group, and shyly asks him, "Is it all right if I impwovise?" Quincy sounds thrilled. "Absolutely. This is not the *Rite of Spring.*" Some struggle, some goof, some feel comfortable with their lines right away. Tina and Billy are the first to say "We're ready." But it's not till half an hour later that everyone makes a successful round at the piano and Q declares, "Happy New Year!" Lionel excitedly tells Bahler, who looks like he's about to give birth, "What I love is that everyone's personality comes through."

4:00 A.M. Bahler arranges the soloists in a semicircle in the middle of the room. The mood is lighthearted. Everyone's telling lies and joking around. The artists have caught their second wind. Just as they're ready to record, two Ethiopian women, guests of Stevie Wonder, walk into the room. One woman says, tearily, "Thank you on behalf of everyone from our country." The artists are stunned. No one speaks: a deep, penetrating silence. The women cry, the artists cry. It's the moment when the stars come crashing

Quincy Jones and Bob Dylan work with Lionel Richie on his solo chorus as Diana Ross looks on. *Photo by Henry Diltz.*

Lionel Richie, Daryl Hall, Quincy Jones, Tom Bahler, and Paul Simon "fine-tuning" with Stevie Wonder at the piano. *Photo by Henry Diltz.*

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down to earth. It's the moment no one will forget. It's a moment of no photographs. The women, Chrissie Kinyanjui and Zemtah Alemayo, shaken, are led from the room. Quincy breaks the silence, saying softly, "It's time to sing." But the feeling in the room remains. Whatever show business pretension remained in the room after Geldof's initial speech five hours ago is vanquished for good. "Here we are, having a good time," says Lionel, "and reality walks in the door."

Not that everything is serious. When Dionne hears "ghosts" in her headphones (voices on a different track that are not supposed to be there), Kenny Rogers is the first to inquire, "Who ya gonna call?" Everyone else supplies a groan of weary laughter. Unfortunately, Dan Aykroyd cannot be found at the moment. When Rogers attempts a little ghost-busting himself, giving engineer Humberto Gatica a technical (but obvious) hint as to the root of the problem, Humberto shoots back from the control room, "Kenny, if I want your opinion, I'll give it to you." Another technical problem stymies the group when excess noise is continually found on Cyndi Lauper's track. Frustrated, she sits on the floor, barefoot and spaced out, as Lionel calls across the semicircle, "Lionel to Cyndi, Lionel to Cyndi, stay with us, Cyndi." It turns out the noise is coming from Lauper herself. As she makes a running start and jumps up to the mike for each take, all her bracelets and necklaces and earrings are rattling. "There goes the whole outfit," laughs Quincy, as Cyndi sheds part of tonight's couture.

Technical problems behind them, the soloists continue working. They sing their lines from left to right around the semicircle, with the duets as links, like a bucket brigade of famous voices. Beginning with Lionel, and then to Stevie, Paul Simon, Kenny Rogers, James Ingram, Tina, Billy, Diana, Dionne, Al Jarreau, Willie, Bruce, Kenny Loggins, Steve Perry, Daryl Hall, Michael, Huey, Cyndi, and Kim Carnes. Some of them vary their phrasing with each take (Dionne, Perry, Jarreau, Stevie, Cyndi), while others sing their line consistently (Daryl, Diana, Huey, Paul). At one point, Lauper cries, "Hey everybody, stop laughing when I'm singing! You can laugh when I talk but not when I sing." Everyone laughs. Huey Lewis is particularly animated for 5:00 in the morning, excusing himself after a couple of so-so takes with, "I sang a couple of them out of tune just to see if anybody would notice." Huey also wonders out loud if old Paul Simon isn't singing his line improperly. Paul sings, "And it's time we lend a hand," and Huey thinks he should be singing, "And it's time we understand." Paul tells him politely that the words were *changed*. Amid much laughter (Huey playing up his embarrassment, looking for a hole in the floor to crawl into), Paul remarks, "Hey, *our* side of the room is together."

After a second complete pass around the room, a splendid take, Lionel says, "Over and out." Immediately, Quincy is asking, "Where's Bobby Dylan? Let's get Bobby in here." But Cyndi complains in a sort of good-natured, put-on fashion to Quincy that "they got to go nineteen times!"—"they" being the "verse" people as opposed to her singing partners, Lewis and Carnes, whom she called "the bridge people." Quincy remarks, "Well I wish *they* could have done it in one take, like you guys."

CYNDI: "Did you keep the first take?"

QUINCY: "You want Humberto to play it for you?"

CYNDI: "Yeah. Yo Al, Yo Al."

Lauper is off to the control room to check her takes. Humberto tells her that she nailed the first one, and Cyndi replies, "I just want all of us to sound good." Cyndi returns to the studio, calling, "Hey guys, good night and good-bye!" She hangs around for ten minutes of hugs, and Lionel teases her, "See now, you can't leave the family." Bereft of shoes and jewelry, she's out the door at 5:20. Tina exits, yawning, behind her.

5:30 A.M. Stevie rehearses Dylan at the piano for a solo version of the chorus. This is an instantly mythic scene. Dylan is tentative, insecure. Stevie is doing a better "Dylan" than Dylan—more whining exaggeration—and tells Bob to do it "more like this." Diana is offering encouragement, and Quincy tells him that he can "talk" the melody as much as sing it, if it feels better that way. Over and over, he reads: "There's a choice we're making / We're saving our own lives / It's true, we'll make a better day / Just you and me." After twenty minutes of coaching from Stevie, Dylan approaches the microphone. But on the first few passes of the chorus, he barely manages a mumble. He looks terribly self-conscious. There are four video cameras trained on him, three still photographers, some thirty-five people in the room. Lionel clears almost everyone out of the room with a nod of his head. Even Quincy ducks behind his podium.

With each successive take, Dylan gets stronger—more like "Dylan." He asks Stevie to play the piano behind him. With artists—like Lionel—who grew up idolizing him, cheering him on, Dylan nails the chorus. Lionel falls onto his back on the risers and kicks his feet in the air. Quincy rushes out to him after the take. "That's it, that's it, that's the statement." Dylan, however, is unconvinced. He mutters, "That wasn't any good." Lionel tells him, "Trust me." As Quincy gives him a bear hug and whispers, "It's great," Dylan finally cracks a smile, "Well . . . if you say so."

Soon after, Jarreau corners Dylan by the piano. He's choked up. "Bobby," Jarreau says holding back tears, "in my own stupid way I just want to tell you I love you." Dylan is mortified. He slinks away without even looking at him. Jarreau walks to the door of the studio, looks back at Dylan, cries, "My idol," bursts into tears, and leaves the room.

Ray Charles at the piano with Willie Nelson. ***Photo by Sam Emerson.***

Cyndi Lauper taking a break. ***Photo by Sam Emerson.***

Enter Bruce Springsteen for his solo chorus, slightly after 6:00. "You sounded fantastic, Dylan," he calls to Bob as he steps to the mike. Dylan leans against the studio wall, behind Bruce, to watch him work. It's the changing of the guard. Bruce asks Quincy for some direction. "Just react to what the thing is about," Q tells him. That certainly clears that up. Bruce asks again for some help. "Gimme an idea . . ." Q is more specific this time: "It's like being the cheerleader of the chorus." Bruce: "I'll give it a shot, I'll give it a shot." Springsteen rolls up his sheet music and sticks it in the

Paul Simon tries a few chords of "We Are the World." ***Photo by Henry Diltz.***

Diana Ross and Stevie Wonder listening to a very special song. ***Photo by Sam Emerson.***

Lionel Richie, Stevie Wonder, Paul Simon, James Ingram, Kenny Rogers, Tina Turner, and Billy Joel work on solos. ***Photo by Henry Diltz.***

back pocket of his jeans. His voice is rough, pained, gone—reduced to essence, perfect for this part. When he sings, his veins jump out of his hands, two character lines cut across the bridge of his nose, and he exhales twice, hard, after each phrase. After a nearly flawless first take, he humbly asks Quincy, "Something like that?" And Quincy can only laugh, "*Exactly* like that."

Bette Midler hugs Dylan, tells him, "Good night, dearest." Springsteen listens to a playback on the studio monitors and says "Yeah, all right," giving it his approval. He gives Lionel his autograph, after which Lionel declares to all present, "He's now officially on vacation." Bruce says, "That sounds goooooood. I want to get a soda." And then Bruce walks out of the studio, past six waiting limos left in the parking lot, across the street to his rent-a-car and is gone, off into the morning.

6:45 A.M. Quincy wants a few more vocal fills. The "serious fills." Stevie says, "Q, just point to me when it's my turn, okay?" It's getting to be that time.

After 7:00 Michael and Stevie are still signing posters, and Lionel and Quincy lie down on the now-abandoned risers for video interviews. There are still thirty-four people in the room at 7:30, and Quincy is ranting and raving, joking: "Let's party! Let's go out for smothered chicken and waffles!" Before he steps out into the bright sunlight of the parking lot, the question is put to Quincy on videotape, "Is this an impossible project or a dream project?" Without a thought, he answers, "It's an impossible dream."

Dionne Warwick readies for her solo. *Photo by Henry Diltz.*

Two legends. *Photo by Sam Emerson.*

Tina Turner listens intently to the chorus. *Photo by Sam Emerson.*

Cyndi Lauper and Kim Carnes prepare for their solos. *Photo by Henry Diltz.*

HARRY BELAFONTE SPEAKS

The holocaust that's being experienced in Africa is not some cruel hoax by nature that happened spontaneously, overnight, and caught an unsuspecting world unawares. It has been there for a very, very long time. It has been developing methodically. Many have known about it. Men and women who sit in chairs of power who had the ability a long time ago—by the stroke of a pen and the gift of conscience—to reverse much of what is happening today, refused to do so because they saw an opportunity to manipulate this tragedy to ideological "good" and ideological benefit. The political systems of the world, which are finding one another incompatible and undesirable, are the very same powers that are in fact watching the erosion of the land take place, watching livestock die, watching human life waste away, while they make political gain out of this human suffering.

Because these powers control the dissemination of information, and because much can be put into the mix of information that leads people to suspect conclusions, it has been very difficult to get the world community mobilized—difficult to impart information to people who could believe the information was true and that there was a need for help. As a consequence millions of people who languish in the drought-ridden areas of Africa have not been able to make themselves known to the broad masses of people in the world. With that information, we'd have been able to respond, as in fact we are responding today.

It is also a fact that whenever death is upon the peoples of the Third World, those countries that sit in the northern hemisphere, that control much of the world's resources, and those that exploit, those that determine when something grows and when something does not grow—they in the name of fulfilling the prosperity of their societies watch this death take place over a long period of time.

I have with anguish watched peoples of the Third World die, and my anguish has been the greater because many of the peoples of the North accept widespread death among peoples of color as the "normal" state. We're often thought of as the people that can pay that price because it is "our way of life." I dare say had this pestilence hit Europe, had we watched Frenchmen die and Englishmen looking for bread and water languish in the streets, had we watched Germans or Italians or Poles go through this condition, there would have been a much swifter response by the world order to see to it that this holocaust not take place.

There's something about the Third World: it's dismissable. Life, after all, isn't a very valuable thing, it is thought. Look how many die in India. Look how many die in Cambodia. And death is a common thing, not of any great importance. But I tell you, it will not be too long before we in fact pay the price for this attitude.

I would like not to be political, but there is no way for the real meanings of the holocaust we are experiencing to be settled other than politically. It requires the commitment of sovereign states. It requires the power of the heads of state, and the collective wealth of industry and private enterprise to make the difference. That can be effectively arrived at if the population, the peoples, have been given the truth, the facts, and those people will then rally to the cause, and, making their presence felt, put pressure on the leaders of our country.

But just as we do this, we must also remember the lesson of taking them "one at a time." If you sit down and try to solve the total problem you find yourself becoming almost impotent. The key is: one at a time. If we can feed one person or one million people, the point is: to try.

Ken Kragen, Quincy Jones, and Harry Belafonte at press conference. *Photo by Conrad Collette.*

Bob Geldof. Band Aid was his brainchild. USA for Africa is one of its sister efforts. Artists have united for African famine relief in Canada, Australia, Germany, and South Americe as well. *Photo by Sam Emerson.*

Ending and Beginning

The obligatory press conference. Wednesday, 10:00 A.M., Studio A of A & M. Where the risers stood thirty-six hours ago, shaking under the weight of the chorus, now a platform with five rolling chairs and in them, Bob Geldof, Ken Kragen, Quincy Jones, Harry Belafonte, and Marty Rogol, Executive Director of USA for Africa. Things will be explained. Who, what, where, when, how, why? Stories will be told. Stevie Wonder will teach Bob Dylan his lines once again, and forever onward. All parties will bask in the glow of altruistic accomplishment. When Kragen tells the press, "We have fifty sweatshirts to give you," Geldof straightaway commands, "*Sell* them!" Kragen admits, "That's a good idea. Okay, we'll sell them to you." Geldof looks out at the press. "Sorry, guys." Kragen glances over his shoulder at Bob and softly asks, "How much should we charge?" Geldof shrugs, scrunches his shoulders, decides. "Ten bucks." Kragen then summarizes the lesson: "Bob has the right idea about all of this."

Each of the five gentlemen makes a speech to the assembled eyes and ears of the American populace. Kragen's is informative; Quincy's warm and bittersweet; Belafonte's eloquent; Rogol's strictly "nuts and bolts." In his, Geldof searches for an image to convey the enormity, the urgency of mass starvation. Surprisingly, he finds it not in statistical overload, not in a scene of thousands stricken, but rather in the actions of a single figure. As he speaks to the ferocious cameras, the countless hissing tape recorders, the scratching pens, his eyes tear. He says, "I was flying in one of the RAF troop transporters. They practice low-level flying in the Nile Valley. It's constant desert, scrub, like bits of the Mojave. And now and again you see individuals wandering through this desert, which is scorched like it was burned with a hot iron—streaks of black against the ground. At one point I saw a woman with two children in the middle of this vast desert. She must have walked, at that point, seventy-five miles, just heading in the direction where she heard there was food. She looked up at the plane. She was heading one way and the plane was heading the other, and she turned and headed in the direction of the plane, followed the plane, because she knew she's *eventually* get to food and water."

As the press conference winds down, a young woman approaches Geldof with a fistful of dollars. It's $510 for sweatshirts, from the press. Bob takes the bills, the very first direct contribution to USA for Africa, and stuffs them furiously into Ken Kragen's jacket pocket. For the moment, just for the moment, he looks happy.

TELL HER

(Explaining Pictures of Starvation to a Child)

Tell her they are real. That
hunger has lived in them so long
they've come to resemble it.
That each night they lie down
on the line between living and dying.

Tell her there are many ways
to die, and each is lonely.

And there are many hungers—
that somewhere at this moment
a man is praying to a telephone pole.
When he is brought in,
he will claim to be his own
vision of God.

Or that now an old friend has gone silent
in the wake of a stroke
that spilled out his words
like the unmatched pieces of a jigsaw puzzle.

Talk about what it is to want.
To want to live, knowing, as you do,
that all our lives our real work
is to move, moment by moment,
closer to their tiny wasted faces.

—JUDITH KITCHEN

YOU ARE THE WORLD

If the famine in Africa slips out of the front-page headlines and off the evening news, it does not mean the problem has gone away. Making the land productive again takes time. Whether it's today, tomorrow, or a year or two from now, you can be assured the situation remains urgent. When you contribute to this cause, you put yourself in the service of people who desperately need your help. Here are some of the things you can do:

1. Buy the single, album, video, poster, and related USA for Africa merchandise. Consider getting these items as gifts for your friends and family—they truly are gifts of life. When you buy a poster, you feed three children for a day. When you buy a sweatshirt, you feed someone for a month. The price of a T-shirt means one hundred more vials of penicillin; a sleeveless T-shirt means two blankets. Also, please wear the sweatshirt, T-shirt, and pin to remind people of the continuing problem.

2. Make a direct contribution. Send to:

USA for Africa
6420 Wilshire Blvd. Suite 1900
Los Angeles, California 90048

Your gift, as with the purchase of all the USA for Africa merchandise, is tax-deductible. No matter how small the amount, your contribution helps. A $10 contribution covers the medical needs of two Africans for an entire year.

3. Write us for more information on how you can expand your role and continue to help the world's hungry. Write to:

Marty Rogol, Executive Director
USA for Africa
1112 N. Sherbourne Drive
Los Angeles, California 90069

4. Sponsor an event in your community. Car washes, bake sales, garage sales, walk-a-thons, and bike-a-thons raise awareness as well as money. Host a party where guests are encouraged to make whatever contribution they can afford.

5. Fast for a day, and contribute the money you saved by not buying food. If you're a student, try to organize a school-wide fast, and persuade your school cafeteria to contribute monies not spent on food for that day to USA for Africa or another worthwhile organization.

6. Create an African Development Committee in your community. They say a camel is "a horse designed by a committee," but sometimes banding together with others can really increase your effectiveness. (Look what happened when forty-five pop stars got together.) A committee in your school, church, synagogue, or civic group can obtain additional information and keep people informed on a long-term basis. It can invite expert speakers to address your group. As you become more knowledgeable, speak to other organizations. Spreading awareness of the problem is half the battle.

7. Write your congressmen, congresswomen, and senators and ask them what the government is doing to help. You have a right to know! The more mail that piles up about this in their offices, the more they'll take notice. It's hard to ignore the problem when their staff is busy answering mail about it all day.

8. Write the president. Don't laugh! There are people who work for him who do nothing else but tally public opinion and gauge how the American public feels about the "issues." These folks to a large extent decide what the president talks about and what he does. Let him know you think hunger is a pretty important "issue." Drop him a line:

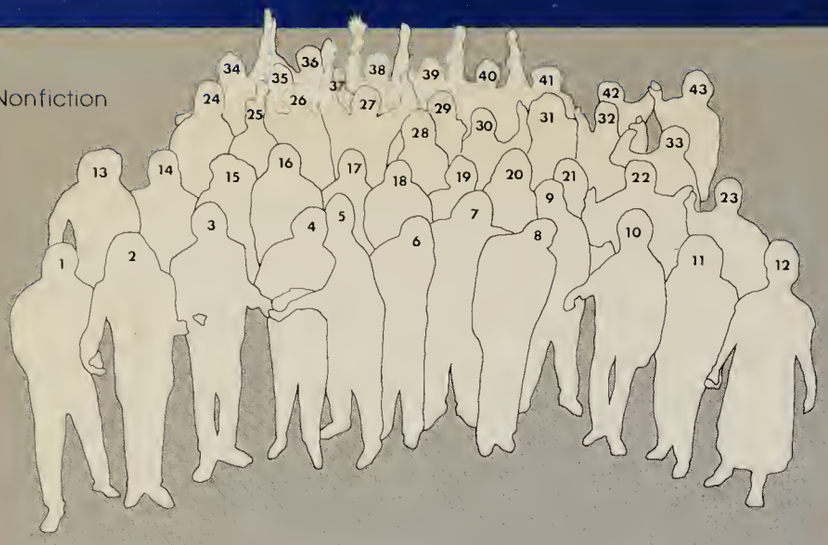
The President
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, D.C. 20500

9. Ask your local media to get involved or stay involved. Newspapers, magazines, radio, and television stations wield enormous power. If it weren't for the television reports out of Ethiopia, there probably wouldn't have been a Band Aid or a USA for Africa, and certainly fewer people would know of this tragedy. Make sure to call news directors and editors and tell them to cover your local efforts in support of this cause. (For instance, if you have a fast at school, your message will reach many more people if the TV news that night shows an empty cafeteria.) Perhaps you can convince newspapers to give your local fund-raising groups free advertising space; perhaps you can convince television and radio stations to make the African famine a subject of their public-affairs broadcasts. If you haven't seen or heard a recent story on the African situation in the press, call them and ask why. Is it because the problem has gone away?

10. Ask local businesses to help. They may be willing to provide what you need to create your events. USA for Africa produced a record and a video at no cost—over a million dollars of goods and services were donated. Likewise, if you're involved in a business, ask yourself how you might help get Africa back on its feet. For instance, in Britain there is a Truckers for Band Aid, a Builders for Band Aid, a Farmers for Band Aid—with each group contributing its special abilities and materials.

11. Perhaps even more important than giving money is giving something of yourself. You will be touching people who need a helping hand. You will be setting an example of leadership and caring for all those that need a good example. Just as Bob Geldof and his British friends showed the way for the American artists, you can show the way for others. You are the world, you are the children.

Nonfiction



bottom row, left to right
1) Paul Simon
2) Kim Carnes
3) Michael Jackson
4) Diana Ross
5) Stevie Wonder
6) Quincy Jones
7) Smokey Robinson
8) Ray Charles
9) Sheila E.
10) Randy Jackson
11) LaToya Jackson
12) Bette Midler

second row, left to right
13) Tina Turner
14) Billy Joel
15) Cyndi Lauper
16) Bruce Springsteen
17) Willie Nelson
18) James Ingram
19) Bob Dylan
20) Ruth Pointer
21) Marlin Jackson
22) Tito Jackson
23) Jackie Jackson

third row, left to right
24) Dorryl Hall
25) Dionne Warwick
26) Al Jarreau
27) Kenny Rogers
28) John Oates
29) Huey Lewis
30) Johnny Colla
31) Anita Pointer
32) Bill Gibson
33) Chris Hayes

top row, left to right
34) Lionel Richie
35) Steve Perry
36) Kenny Loggins
37) Jeffrey Osborne
38) Lindsey Buckingham
39) Dan Ackroyd
40) Harry Belafonte
41) Bob Geldof
42) Sean Hopper
43) Mario Cipollina

On Monday night, January 28, 1985, forty-five major American artists joined together to aid the suffering people of Africa. They gathered in secrecy at A&M Recording Studios in Los Angeles to record "We Are the World," a new song written by Michael Jackson and Lionel Richie. This book is a chronicle of that 10-hour session, where "egos were left at the door" and where those in the front lines of popular music joined the front lines of the effort against hunger and human suffering. This book is a tribute to the artists, a memento of that historic recording session, and a means by which you can contribute to the cause they sang for in "We Are the World."

"It's a terrible tragedy. There's all this senseless suffering in the world. Either you're tearing something down or building something up. I want to be part of the building process—holding back the flood a little bit."
—Bruce Springsteen

"It is our duty to be concerned about our brothers and sisters. The most dramatic line of the song is 'There are people dying.' You're supposed to say, 'Oh my God, where?!'"
—Lionel Richie

"It's good to get everybody off their rumps. Whether the music is their genre or not, just the idea, just the concept of uniting the planet to stop hunger—that's good. So you have to support this."
—Cyndi Lauper

"I feel like I'm participating in something that's historic. I don't think anything on this scale has ever been done before with American artists in pop music. It's like Woodstock in the studio."
—Billy Joel

"Once you see or hear about this famine, to me it's blatant selfishness not to get involved and do something. It's one thing not to know; it's another thing to know and not do anything."
—Kenny Rogers

"I'm glad everybody was singing in unison. I was glad to see everyone put their egos aside."
—Bette Midler

"I just took care of all the duets I'll ever need. This takes care of the entire music industry. It's a great song; it's the perfect song for what we're doing."
—Willie Nelson

"When I was asked to write the song, I put my soul into it. I put my heart into it. That's really my statement."
—Michael Jackson

"I've never been in a choir quite this loose."
—Kenny Loggins

"On that stand there are forty-five people who have exactly the same thoughts and emotions. That's very powerful. That energy is bigger than any of the people involved, bigger than anybody."
—Quincy Jones

United Support of Artists for Africa (USA for AFRICA) is a non-profit corporation formed to help the millions of suffering people in Africa and the United States. All profits realized by The Putnam Publishing Group from the sale of *We Are the World* will be contributed to USA for AFRICA, which has pledged to use these funds to address immediate emergency needs in the USA and Africa, including food and medicine, and to help the African people become self-sufficient. By buying this book, you are playing an important part in the fight to end an ongoing tragedy that affects all of us—because "We Are the World." If you wish to contribute directly to USA for AFRICA, see last page inside.

Front cover photograph © 1985 by Harry Benson
Front cover hand-lettering by Michael Manoogian

Perigee Books
are published by
The Putnam Publishing Group

05-LHC-492

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